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No. 437

SINGING THE SUMMER SONG.

BY MATTIE DYER BRITTS.

Swing the lily-bells!
Ring the lily-bells!
Chime them clear, with a fairy strain!
Blow every blossom horn,
Blow to the merry morn,
News that the summer has come again!

Brilliant-robed tulip,
As you the dew sip,
Send up a song from your gay, bright throat.
Shy, loving violet,
With your blue eye wet,
Add to the anthem your soft, sweet note.

Fair, white roses,
Rare, bright roses,
Fling to the air all your incense sweet!
Crowned Queens of Beauty,
Love is but duty,
Summer and roses together we greet.

Gay, gold buttercups,
Brave, bold buttercups,
Stars in the greenwood, far and near,
Shine out merrily,
Brightly and cheerily,
Gay, gold buttercups, summer is here!

Sweet, fair daisies,
Sunny-haired daisies,
Nestling low in the grass at our feet,
Join in the chorus,
Swelling before us
Singing the summer song, glad and sweet!

Wild Will, THE MAD RANCHERO; OR, THE TERRIBLE TEXANS.

A Romance of Kit Carson, Jr., and Big
Foot Wallace's Long Trail.

BY "BUCKSKIN SAM."
(MAJOR SAM S. HALL.)

CHAPTER IV. THE COMANCHE CAMP.

WHEN Bear Claw bounded through the post-oaks, with the unconscious Mary Halliday, he soon came to where his war-party had left their mustangs. Making his way through them, he halted by a powerfully-built horse, as black as midnight, pawing the sward impatiently. The horse gave a neigh of recognition as the Indian chief loosened the lariat, after laying Mary down at the foot of a tree.

Springing into the saddle he urged the animal to where Mary lay, still unconscious, stooped down, and with an apparent slight effort, swung the senseless form up in front of him. The mustang snorted and pranced for a moment at the unaccustomed load, but was quieted by a few words from the Indian chief. Bear Claw sat a moment like a statue, his eagle-feathers mingling with the Spanish moss which hung from the limbs above him.

He bent his head toward the scene of the massacre, and as there came a rush of many dark forms beneath the trees, the prolonged yelp of the black wolf issued from his lips, which was answered by the howling of owls as his warriors sprung upon their mustangs, and urged them up around him.

Bear Claw gave a deep grunt of anger as he saw how his followers had been reduced by the deadly fire-arms of the Rangers.

"Do the white dogs with fast-shooting guns follow our trail?" demanded the chief, anxiously. "Do they know the Rose of the Medina rides in the arms of Bear Claw? Where are my braves? I see not many. Speak, Red Fox."

The Indian Bear Claw addressed rode close up to him, before replying.

"The white dogs weep over dead squaws—not stop long—heap mud—Eagle Eye Carson on trail soon—want squaw—no find Red Rose—know Bear Claw got him—the Red Rose—got with head blood—Red Fox has spoken."

"Did the Red Fox see the Eagle Eye Carson? Will the young white chief follow the trail of Bear Claw?"

"Red Fox see—Eagle Eye will come—fast-shooting guns," answered the warrior.

"Come, warriors of the Pecos," cried Bear Claw, authoritatively, "the white dogs will find a long, blind trail; the Eagle Eye squaw will sweep the lodge of an Apache chief."

Bear Claw swung his quirt about the hams of his mustang, who, with a wild snort, bounded away through the darkness up the Medina river, followed by the remainder of his war-party, who urged their animals to their greatest speed.

On, they went, like flocks led loose from Hades, through the dark shadows of the oaks. On, an hour after hour, until the break of day, when they dashed down the banks of the Medina, and into the cool waters, allowing their mustangs to drink; they themselves throwing the water with their hands up into their parched mouths, as only an Indian can.

Poor Mary was still unconscious, and it was evident the chief wished her to remain so, or he would have revived her with the refreshing waters of the stream.

They stopped but a moment, then scrambled up the steep bank to the other side, and galloped through the bottom timber out on the open prairie beyond.

Here, at a command from Bear Claw, a warrior sprung from his mustang, gathered some twigs and dry grass, struck a fire with flint and steel, and then with water from a gourd, so sprinkled it, that a column of white smoke arose, and all watched intently for an answer to this "prairie telegram."

They had not long to wait, for another column of smoke soon appeared, some three miles up the river, and the Indians again started in a fast lope toward the point from which the signal arose.

It took but a short time, at the headlong pace which they rode, to gain this point, and they were soon riding into the camp of another war-party of their tribe, consisting of some fifty braves, who looked in wonder and amazement at the small number of warriors which made up the party of Bear Claw.

The latter passed the still insensible form of Mary to one of the Indians, who placed her on the ground beneath a small shelter made of



On, on galloped the faithful Tonkaway, his eyes glancing suspiciously upon all sides.

Mexican blankets, after securing her wrists together by buckskin thongs.

A tall, finely-formed warrior, whose eagle-plumes and silver breastplate showed him to be a chief, stalked across the camp and approached Bear Claw, who stood where he had dismounted, awaiting a welcome. Each chief drew his scalping-knife and ran the blade into the ground at his feet, and each took the hand of the other, and placed the same upon his heart, as a token and sign of peace and brotherhood.

"My braves are taking the big sleep," answered Bear Claw, "but they took many scalps. Eagle Eye Carson has many braves—shoot fast, their guns never empty—my warriors were making torture-fire—they fell like old leaves before the north wind; the bullets of the Rangers fly like the ice-hail among the Sioux."

"Bear Claw is a great warrior," said the strange chief, "and is welcome to the fire and venison of Black Wolf. Where are the braves Bear Claw took toward the big water? Have the pale-face dogs sent them on the dark trail?"

"My braves are taking the big sleep," answered Bear Claw, "but they took many scalps. Eagle Eye Carson has many braves—shoot fast, their guns never empty—my warriors were making torture-fire—they fell like old leaves before the north wind; the bullets of the Rangers fly like the ice-hail among the Sioux."

"How many braves has the Eagle Eye?" asked Black Wolf. "Will he follow the trail of Bear Claw?"

"The smoke of the white dog's lodge blinded Bear Claw—he cannot tell—he will come—Bear Claw has stolen his squaw. Look!" said the chief, pointing to the wick-up. "The Rose of the Medina—her spirit is in the land of dreams—she is as a fawn—Bear Claw will take her to his lodge beyond the big plain."

A look of surprise and admiration spread over the features of Black Wolf, as he gazed upon the form of Mary, who seemed, even in her unconscious state, to be aware of the savage scrutiny; she writhed, moaned, opened her pale lips and bloodshot eyes, looking up in terror at the painted demons before her.

The sight of them brought all the dread horrors of the night previous back to her mind; a long wail of anguish burst from her lips, and her face became of a more deadly hue, as she again lost consciousness.

Black Wolf turned to Bear Claw, and addressed him:

"Bear Claw's squaw fair as prairie flower—look much sick—she will die before she see big plain—got good scalp for Bear Claw's shield."

"The Rose of the Medina will not die," said Bear Claw; "she will bring word—she will cook venison for Bear Claw," and he stepped to the fire, took from the coals a large steak, shook the ashes from it, and carried it to his captive. Releasing her hands from behind, he tied them loosely in front, as she recovered her senses, so she could eat; he then placed the meat, together with some parched corn, upon a wooden platter, and set the same before Mary.

She gazed at him with a look of horror, and shrunk back into the further corner of the shelter.

"Why does the Rose fear the Comanche chief?" asked Bear Claw. "He will keep her path free of danger—the north wind shall not blow upon her—she will be the queen in the village—sorrow shall not come to her lodge—the sun shall always shine upon the flowers where she treads."

A mingled look of terror and great fear from Mary was his only answer.

Black Wolf stood with folded arms in front of the wick-up, and it was plain to see that he took more than common interest in the captive maiden, but he wheeled about, and walked to the central portion of the camp, as if he feared his brother chief would discover his weakness.

The camp was situated in an opening of about an acre in extent, quite clear from trees or brush. When Black Wolf had reached the center of the encampment, he gave a signal which brought his braves from all quarters around him, and then he addressed them:

"Black Wolf is glad—his warriors have taken many scalps from the white-skinned mustangs—will make a wide trail. Black Wolf is sad—the scalps of Bear Claw's braves hang at the belts of the warriors of the Eagle Eye Carson. He a great chief—he will come for his

squaw—he come on trail of Bear Claw. Warriors, your eyes must be open—White Horse will take his braves, go where Bear Claw make watch for Eagle Eye Carson Rangers—Black Wolf will not move his camp—he not afraid—let them come."

Black Wolf waved his hand to White Horse, who, with a few quick motions, designated those that he wished to accompany him, and with five braves, armed with deadly Comanche bows, he disappeared from view amid the trees of the river bottom, going down the stream toward the ford.

White Horse and his braves had not proceeded far when a noble buck crossed their path, and following it they were led a long chase over the river; this caused a delay in their arrival at the ford that was favorable to those who were anxiously searching for the captive maiden.

CHAPTER V. THE TONKAWAY'S MISSION.

Kit and his companions galloped steadily all the night without exchanging a dozen words; the Indian was in the lead; and Tom remarked, as they reached the ford about half an hour after the party of Bear Claw had crossed that, "He'd bet his interest in the Mexican Republic that Kit had not held his tongue so long afore since he was born."

They soon saw by the fresh trail down the bank to the ford that the Tonkaway had been correct in his surmises in regard to the route taken by the Comanches.

Stopping a moment to water their mustangs, holding their Sharp's rifles ready for instant use, they then rode up the opposite bank; here Raven turned his horse toward Kit, saying:

"Eagle Eye stop here with braves—Raven see where Comanche gone—what do—no gone long."

The Tonkaway waited for no word of instructions, but sprung from his horse, passed the bridle-rein to Kit, and went with long swinging strides over the trail of the war-party, and was lost to view in the bottom timber.

"Tell yer what it are, Joe," exclaimed Tom, "I reckon Kit are goin' mad; he's strange; ain't like he used ter be; and his not slingin' his gab seems awful peculiar. Why, Bufiler Bill Alvis introduced him as Professor Talker, of Talkerville!"

"Don't you bother him, Tom," warned Joe, earnestly; "he has that upon his mind which keeps him quiet; we'll have hard work keeping him from doing something rash."

"I'm afraid so. I kind a feel a choking myself when I think of poor Will at that are grave in the post-oaks."

"I wish I could send word to Martha Wells in San Antonio," exclaimed Joe, "for God only knows how this trail will end."

"Boys," interrupted Kit, in a mournful tone of voice, "the reason you see me so silent is, that I'm thinking of Mary, and I feel confident Bear Claw has backers near. If we could only overtake him before he joins them!"

"You are about right, Kit," answered Tom, quickly. "I've bin thinkin' all the time 'bout same thing. Wait will Tonk comes in. Here he is now! He's a red what one can tie fast, every time."

In the regular Indian lope, Raven came up the trail, saying warningly as he got near:

"Come—much open here—sharp eyes on river—come, thick brush up river—Raven got heap talk for white warriors."

The Rangers followed the Indian into one of the thickets which bordered the river above the ford, and all dismounted, seating themselves on the sward, secure from observation, holding the lariats attached to their horses in their hands, their rifles resting across their knees.

The Tonkaway, with stoical indifference, lighted his pipe, and blew a whiff of smoke to each point of the compass, then passed the pipe to Kit, who sat next to him.

Impatient as the Rangers were they knew the Indian character too well to speak before the pipe had been passed around; and, even then,

they were forced to wait until Raven broke the silence, which he soon did in a low voice.

"Comanche trail go to open prairie; war-party stop there—light little fire—make smoke—mustangs no stamp round much—no steer long—get answer—another smoke—ride fast up river—heap big war-party up creek—Raven know where."

"That's just our luck," exclaimed Kit; "but, boys, if there's a thousand red-skinned cusses, I'll hang on their trail for a chance to save Mary from the infernal, bloodthirsty fiends. You had better go back and look after Will, and then, joining our company, tell Captain Burleson that there's game up this way for him."

"It'll!" exclaimed Tom, "when I slip a trail on a pard yer can just set me down fur a Greaser. I hope I'm half white, and Joe is b'ilin' over at ye; the idea of our lettin' yer play a lone hand! We'll stick!"

"You are right, Tom," added Joe, in a tone which showed that his feelings had been hurt by what Kit had said; "I never was known to desert a friend, and it's late in the day for me to begin that sort of a game, even if I had the desire. If I had been on the back-out it would have showed up before. Now, I'll tell you what I think. I have a plan in my mind that will put us all in a better fix for the hot work ahead."

"Go ahead! Give it to us," ordered Kit.

"Here it is, then, boys: Let Raven ride as fast as his nag can take him to San Antonio, and get Jack Hodge, Cloven, and as many of the boys as he can, who are spooling for a fight; they will come, you can bet high on that, and a half a dozen of us, armed as we are, will be able to make a rush into the camp of the reds, and get Mary before they know what we are after."

Raven can also leave word for Burleson, and some of the boys will carry the news to him about the raid; and when he knows about it, he will come if fifty northers were blowing. Here, Raven; any you have to do is to give this silver star to Jack Hodge, and he's on the trail at once, you bet! He owes me a life, and he won't back, no matter what's ahead. And you go and see Martha Wells; you know where she lives, by the little church; tell her I'm off on a long trail, and am as happy as a hog in a mud-hole."

"Has yer got through, Joe?" demanded Tom, "for I reckon you and Kit has traded tongues by the way yer run on; but I likes yer talk. It just suits me. What yer think about this new lay out, Kit?"

"I think it is a good plan," answered Kit, "for with a few more boys we can make it hot for the Indians, no matter how many there are of them. But how do you know, Raven, where they are camped, and how many there are?"

"Turkey buzzards tell Raven where camp—fly over camp—wait Injun go—then pick bones—know heap warrior or no camp near ranches—white braves stop here—Raven go see."

Before the Rangers could say a word, the Tonkaway had disappeared in the underbrush up the river.

"Waah," exclaimed Tom, in surprise, "I'll jist be chewed into hash by an alligator if that red don't beat every deal; yer can't help from likin' the cuss fur he ain't afraid of nothin'."

Now, ten to one, if I crawled up ter that Comanche camp I'd lose my scalp. Joe, I've got a bottle of p'ison whisk in my saddle-bags that'll kill as fur as yer can shoot."

And after nearly emptying it, he stood and looked at Kit a moment, in a thoughtful manner, before addressing him.

"Kit, yer don't take no stock in this here stuff, an' I won't insult yer by shovin' it at yer. I'm a tuff cuss, I know, when I c't b'ilin' over with run, but I ain't bad enuf to urge a man ter drink what don't. What yer doin', Joe?"

"Well, me noble duke, I'm penning a few rose-tinted lines of fairy language to the lady of me heart, for that noble red-man to take to San Antonio. He's not a carrier-dove, I know, but necessity gives me no choice."

"Good fur yer, Joe!" exclaimed Tom, approvingly; "Martha Wells is a noble gal, an' so's the red, too. Martha's got true Texas grit, an' I don't blame yer fur bein' soft on her. Tell her yer sittin' on a bank of roses an' writin' with a moonbeam. Kit, bet yer a slug, I can streak her through that Comanche camp on their lope, shoot half a dozen reds, and not git skin broke!"

"Don't, for mercy sake, talk that way," responded Kit, anxiously. "I'm sorry you drank that whisky."

"Bosh!" returned Tom, bluntly; "that whisk has nothin' ter do with it. I can't lay still long; I hanker fur sculps when they are so danged near, an' I'm spoilin' to twist my fingers in Comanche hair. I tell you what, boys, I'm a-goin' ter take a smoke ter pass time."

Tom lit his pipe and lay back on the bank to enjoy it, while Joe wrote his note to Martha, and Kit, with his hat pulled over his eyes, lay listening impatiently for some sound which would indicate the return of Raven.

It was an hour before the latter glided in among them, and showed, by his heavy breathing, that he had run fast and long. At last he broke the silence:

"Raven say right—big camp—many warriors—see Mary—she tie up in blanket wigwam—look much sick—cry heap—Raven heart beat hard for Eagle Eye squaw—two big chiefs in camp, Bear Claw, Black Wolf—Raven go quick San Antonio—must have more white warriors—ride fast—be there when dark comes—Eagle Eye stay here—no go Comanche camp—lose scalp—Raven come—then heap fight may be so good by."

Raven at once sprung on his mustang.

"Hold, Raven!" exclaimed Joe; "here, take this paper to Martha Wells; also find Jack and give him this star, sure."

Kit gave one spring, grasped the bridle-rein of the Indian's horse, his eyes wild, and said, in a hoarse, unnatural voice:

"Look, Raven! Don't you go back on me. Tell the boys it is life and death; that the best girl in the world is in the power of the Comanches, and if they don't come quick I'll charge the camp if I have to go it alone. Do you think they will harm or misuse her, or torture her? Here! look me in the eye, and tell me the truth, Raven; spit it out white, plain and square. Come! speak!"

"Bear Claw no hurt Mary," answered the Tonkaway, as he looked without flinching into the eye of Kit; "keep her for squaw—take her on long trail—go to village on big plain—so he think—Raven think get her back—she again with Eagle Eye before moon small."

Raven whirled his quirt high over his head, and lashed his mustang, who sprang, with a wild snort, over the brush, and horse and rider were in a moment lost to view, as they dashed down the bank across the ford.

CHAPTER VI. THE TONKAWAY'S GREAT RIDE.

THE Tonkaway, his head bent forward, his mustang urged on in a wild gallop by the terror of Kit continually applied to his hams, kept on the same trail down the bank of the Medina river that he passed over with Kit and the other Rangers the previous night.

He was within a mile of the scene of the massacre when loud shouts and oaths in the Spanish tongue reached his ears from the prairie to the south, beyond the bottom timber, beneath the shade of which he was riding.

Raven immediately turned his horse in that direction, and soon the border of the woods permitted him to gain a view through the branches of the prairie.

Here a sight met his gaze which made him wish Kit and the boys were with him.

A score of Mexican bandits were collecting the cattle and horses of Will Halliday, and the bravo who showed in approaching near to San Antonio satisfied Raven that they belonged to the band of that noted outlaw, Juan Cortina.

The Tonkaway was sure, at a glance, that in twenty-four hours' time all that remained of Will Halliday's property would be far away toward the Rio Grande.

He paused but an instant to take in the situation of things, knowing that he was powerless to prevent the wholesale robbery, and muttering to himself:

"Poor Will—much heap trouble," he once more bounded down the river toward the ruined ranch, where, after a few minutes of hard riding, he arrived.

Raven cast a hurried glance toward the grave; Will still sat in the same position, gazing down at his dead, and there was the same insane madness in his eyes that all Indians respect, as well as dread, and the Tonkaway gave Will a wide berth.

Raven slackened the speed of his mustang among the dead Comanches, and springing from the animal he secured a many-colored Mexican blanket, or *serape*, and a little further on, the hat of Will, which had been left behind by the Indians; the latter he adjusted upon his head, after removing his head-dress of eagle feathers, and the former he wrapped about him, saying to himself:

"Raven meet pale-face—think Raven Comanche—shoot Raven—have hat—have blanket—no shoot;—and thus changed in appearance, he once more galloped on down the river.

He was then twelve miles from San Antonio. On, on galloped the faithful Tonkaway through the live-oaks, his eyes glancing suspiciously upon all sides.

The sun sunk toward the west, leaving the timber in a twilight gloom.

Passing the Mexican *haciendas*, on the high bank of the river, just on the side of the Pleasanton trail, Raven went plunging down into the ford, allowing his mustang but a moment to take a swallow, which he greatly needed, well knowing he must not allow him to drink too much. He then urged his horse out of the cool stream and went speeding on through the mesquites, toward the Alamo City.

After a mile was passed over, and the mustang began to show signs of giving out, for he was covered with foam, and traveled at a staggering gait.

The sun had passed below the western horizon.

zon, as the exhausted and broken-down horse fell to the earth, just upon the borders of the opening in which stood the old Mission of St. Concepcion.

Raven quickly unbuckled bridle and saddle, taking them into one of the old cells, used formerly by the priests, but now occupied by thousands of bats.

In another moment the Tonkaway was in the long strides peculiar to his people, fast making his way through the chaparral, and in less than an hour he arrived in the vicinity of Madam Condono's fandango-house, which was just one mile from the Plaza of San Antonio.

It had now been dark some time, and the Indian's sharp ears detected the sound of music long before he reached the celebrated dancing-house.

His thoughts were upon how he should find Jack Hodge and Clow, and, thinking of them and their character, he decided that the fandango ought not to be passed by.

As Raven crept up to the house, the noise inside became deafening; curses both in Spanish and English were intermingling, and these were soon followed by a volley of revolver-shots.

Yells of agony, fear, and death blended together strangely, with loud and exultant shouts of Texans; and then a score of Mexicans rushed out of the door, and scattered through the thick chaparral, with which the house was surrounded.

Half a dozen Texans sprang outside and sent several bulls whizzing into the brush after the Greasers.

Raven glided behind one corner of the building, and waited for the excitement to abate, muttering to himself:

"Raven heap more safe—he Tonkaway—throw hat—throw blanket—put on eagle-feather—Raven no Greaser dog—git shoot."

The Tonkaway once more stood in his own true character, and was made happy by recognizing the voices of Jack and Clow among the Texans, as they returned to the house, laughing over the retreat of the cowardly Greasers.

The Indian walked around the corner, and in an instant stood in the center of the dirt floor, his hands extended, palms outward, toward the Texans, his shining-knife at his feet, the blade sticking in the earth.

Quickly as Raven had executed this maneuver, he was not so quick but several deadly tubes were leveled at him; but a warning cry from Jack Hodge caused them to drop.

Jack sprang toward the Indian, grasping both extended palms, and gave them a wring that showed his regard for the Tonkaway, had not welcome beamed from his round red face.

"Boys!" exclaimed Jack, earnestly, turning to the other Texans, "any man what harms this red has got me to clean out afterwards; he's white, no mistake! Clow! don't yer know ther Tonk? Yer gitting blind?"

The person addressed came toward the Indian, rubbing his eyes, saying: "Them dog-gone candles kinder blur a fellow's peepers arter cummin' in from ther dark. Wal, I'll just be chawed up an' spit out by a Colorado cat-fish if it ain't Raven!" In her name of Crockett, whar yer cum from, black-bird? and Clow gave the Indian a hearty shake of the hand.

The two persons who have now entered on the scene deserve more than a passing notice. Jack Hodge, so long known in Texas as a stage-driver, Indian and Mexican-fighter, and at one time a city marshal of San Antonio, was a short, thick-set man, who always had a pleasant greeting for every one, and a happy and contented smile beamed continually on his face.

In whatever society he found himself he was sure to use more or less stage and stable slang; but he was quick on the trigger and a sure shot.

Clow was about the same build, although not so stout; and having been shot once almost to pieces by the Indians, was not exactly straight in his upper works. He was a notable character for many years in Texas, having fought alone on the Pecos river fifteen Apache Indians, killing nine and driving away the remainder; his limbs were somewhat crippled by wounds, and he was an inseparable part of Jack Hodge.

As Clow grasped the hand of Raven and inquired, in his peculiar way, the news, Jack burst out, impetuously:

"I'll bet my mustang ag'in two bits that ther cuss has news as black as the night, an' his name arter. I called one of my crack leaders on the best team I ever yanked ribbons over, 'Raven,' an' ther cuss was alwis takin' ther bit atween his teeth an' tryin' to break the coach."

The Indian slipped his hand into his pouch, and took out the silver star, and passed it to Jack, and a crowd of *senoritas*, who had been dancing before the row, now gathered around.

"That star," said Jack, in a confident tone, "is from Reckless Joe, an' means 'I'm wanted, and I mean you, too, Raven; you can't get away from me, no matter how far you run, an' I'll sling myself on a trail without you. Spit it out, Tonk; what's up? Jist had a scrimmage with them Greasers. Ther's four on 'em in the corner thar, what's stalled; yer can sculp 'em, Tonk, ef yer hard up fur hair." The yellow-skinned peepers-thought they'd lose this fandango, but they slipped up on it, yer bet, an' won't shake a foot ag'in without it's over a hot fire."

"Raven no time for scalp," exclaimed the Indian, showing a shade of impatience. "Jack—come, Clow—Raven got heap talk-chaparral close-by—have council—must see Joe squaw—no time—come!"

The Tonkaway led the way out of the door into the darkness, followed by Jack and Clow, leaving the other Texans and Mexican girls gazing at each other in silent wonderment.

But this did not last long; the dead Greasers were thrown into the brush, and the sound of music and dancing rung out once more, as if nothing had happened to mar the enjoyment of the evening.

The Tonkaway and Texans went but a short distance into the chaparral, then seated themselves closely to each other, upon the grass in the thick brush and thicker darkness, where the Indian addressed the two whites:

"Comanche thick on Medina—burn Will Halliday's ranch—burn Cotton's ranch—kill papoose—kill old squaw—kill heap more—Mary, Kit's squaw—Comanche got her tie-up—Bear Claw take her to lodge—Will know—do nothing—Kit, Joe, Raven, Tom, ef yer treat—Bear Claw find Black Wolf—heap big war-party—Kit, Joe, Tom close by—watch Comanche—Raven come want help—Raven want horse—want see Joe squaw—Jack go—Clow go—more Texans go—get Mary—what say? Jack speak—Raven ear open—Raven done."

"Where did you leave the boys and when?" questioned Jack, in surprise.

"Raven start when sun up there," pointing his arm in a direction to indicate four hours above the horizon. "They at ford—ha! day ride—near Will ranch—ride to sunset—Mexican steal Will horse, cattle—drive to Bravo."

"Waal!" exclaimed Jack, in astonishment, "I never war hauled up by quite so sudden a jerk afore. Come, it war'do ter sit here. We'll go to Sappington's stable for our nags, at same time get one for you, Raven. Clow, yer in, ain't you, old boy? Fun ahead mixed with hard ridin' an' close go. We'll try an' git sum other boys ter go."

The three walked quickly toward the road which led into San Antonio, as Clow answered:

"Go! you better bet I'm in every time, Jack, when you are; nothin' can part us until one o' other passes in ther checks. I ain't got no good-byes to sling, so that won't hinder me; nobody cares for me but you."

"Thar's whar yer dangly fooled, Clow," returned Jack. "Many a man owes yer thar friendship; yer war alwis ready tew hitch up fur a long run, no matter how fur it war between stations, fur anybody what were in trouble. I keep thinkin' about the boys. Here we are on the Plaza. Tonk, does yer want a drink of fire-water?"

"No," answered the Indian, quickly, "fire-water had on trail—had every time—make Injun big fool—make white man fool—Raven he no drink—no fraid whole Comanche nation—"

Raven drunk—maybe he fraid cayotee—fight himself—take own scalp."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Jack, "that's ther best temperance lecture I've heard fur a month of Sundays. Yer heart's level, Tonk, every time; yer got more sense than half the white men. Here we are at Sap's; Clow, yer run down ter the widow Wells's with Raven, an' stick Joe's letter under ther door. If yer go in the winnin' will keep yer slinging tongue. I'll hev the horses ready."

Clow and the Tonkaway glided down the dark street, turned to the right, and soon came to the cottage where Martha Wells, the sweet-heart of Reckless Joe, lived.

He noiselessly slipped the letter under the door, and upon getting back to the stable found Jack with two horses equipped for the road, and holding another by a lariat for the Indian, unsaddled—for he was to get his saddle and bridle at the Mission, as they passed it.

Raven drew the rope, with a twist, around the under jaw of the animal, sprang upon his bare back, and all three, in an easy lope, rode through the almost deserted streets.

Jack stopped a moment at Jack Calle's bar-room, procured a bottle of whisky, and to tell the bar-keeper the news in regard to the raid, leaving word with him to inform others, who would be eager to join in the pursuit of the Indians.

Bounding once more on his horse, which the Tonkaway had held all three went like the wind out of the city and through the mesquite trees.

As they came to the fandango-house Raven said:

"Raven catch you quick," and sheered his horse off the trail into the chaparral.

Jack and Clow did not slacken their pace, knowing the Indian would keep his word. "I'll bet my *sombrero* ag'in a shuck cigarette that ther Tonk's gone fur them dead Greasers' scalps."

Jack was correct; the Indian seemed by instinct to know where the Mexicans were that had been shot in the row, and soon tore their scalps off, regained the blanket and hat he had left behind, and also a revolver and knife from one of the bodies. This occupied him but a moment, and he overtook his two friends as they neared the Mission.

Here Raven sprang from his horse, found his saddle and bridle by groping about the ruin, and in an instant was equipped again for the trail.

Jack and Clow were each armed with Sharp's rifles and those death-dealing weapons—the Colt's revolver; the Indian acting as guide, they dashed by to the aid of Kit Carson, Jr., and his companions.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 436.)

TWILIGHT REFLECTIONS.

BY WILLIAM BRADSHAW.

And life! What is the thing call'd life?
Can this be naught beside a "jest?"

Some say it is an "earthly bliss,"
While some "the road to lasting rest."

A "burden" thousands deem the thing;
"Pure vanity," it seems to me;

For mortals scarcely taste its spring
Ere they arrive at Lethe's shore.

Yet, unto all, their lives appear
The best possession they possess.

And whether high or lowly sphere
Be theirs, they do not love them less.

Poor playthings of capricious fate,
Thrown here and there, like babies' toys.

Cannot perceive their restless state,
While youth delights in youthful joys.

But as the rolling years advance,
Desire of life deserts the soul.

Which, gradually, inclines to glance
Toward the all-absorbing goal.

Oh, yes! The weary and distress'd,
So oft awaken'd from repose.

Expect a place where they may rest,
And where their lids can ne'er unclose.

And as they look behind them, then,
If they perceive they acted well.

The part they played with other men,
The peace they feel no tongue may tell.

Elegant Egbert; OR, THE GLOVED HAND.

A MISSISSIPPI RIVER ROMANCE.

BY PHILIP S. WARNE.

CHAPTER XI.

A STRANGE WOOING.

ADELE STANHOPE left her brother's presence in a very puzzled frame of mind. From his own lips she had the assurance (and his manner dashed away all doubt) that he had some cause of distress other than pain at the prospect of sharing her love with another.

And perhaps here as is good a place as any to tell what Adele knew of her brother and of his secret sorrow.

Her memory of him dated back to her seventh year, ten years previous when he had been summoned home from abroad to comfort his mother in her recent widowhood.

Child as she was, Adele had been struck by the air of melancholy and cynicism which so ill befitted a young man of twenty-five; and at first she stood a little in awe of the brother whom she could not remember having seen, since he had left home during her babyhood.

But after that meeting, when the widowed mother had hung so long on his breast, with such profuse weeping and such yearning tokens of endearment, she had lifted little Adele and placed her in his lap, saying:

"Egbert, my son, I give her into your keep. She is my most precious possession. I need not ask you to love her when I have followed her father, as I feel that I shall do before long. Adele, you must love your brother with unremitted tenderness. If he is ever sad, you must win him back to smiles as you think I would."

Then Egbert had taken her chin in his hand, and raised her sweet child-face, and gazed into it with such admiration and longing, wistful love that her whole heart had gone out to him at once.

He had always been marked by the same scrupulous elegance of attire. As intimate as were their relations, she had never seen him without gloves. At table they were white kid; at other times of a color suitable to the occasion.

Even at his mother's death-bed Adele remembered that they had not been removed; for the dying woman had taken his hand and laid it between her cheek and the pillow, and so kept it until her spirit took its flight.

Only once had Adele ever referred to this strange custom; and then her mother had become so agitated that the child was frightened lest her excessive grief should snap the frail tie that bound her to life. She had cautioned Adele never while she lived the memory of her mother to refer to this before Egbert; and henceforward it had remained to the girl a sealed mystery. Only this she knew: in some way it commended him to her tender, comforting love.

Of surmises she had entertained but one—that it was in some way connected with some woman in his past life, since, until Sibly Cornish he had treated with a cold, distant courtesy all women except his sister, and on her he had lavished all the tenderness of his rich nature. But beyond this bare fact the surmise had nothing to rest upon.

As we become accustomed to anything by habit, so ordinarily Adele now thought nothing of this difference between her brother and other men. But when he was sad, then she knew that the sorrow of his life bore heavily upon him, and she would infuse into her manifestations of affection all the yearning love that she

had seen in her mother's manner toward him at such times.

Now she did not see what could be the connection between his secret sorrow and her love for him; but she felt that it was this, and not a selfish clinging to her exclusive love, that was the occasion of his distress. However, her quick perceptions showed her that it was better to leave Felix and his sister in the impression that his strange behavior sprang from even a vulgar jealousy, than to lead them to suspect that it had an unusual and mysterious source.

She found Felix frowning with impatience, and Sibly anxious almost to distraction, though she curbed her feelings bravely to any but a woman's penetrating scrutiny.

"Well, how did you find this dog in the manger, and where is he now?" asked Felix, half-jestingly, half in earnest.

His little andy-love went up to him, and put her finger reprovingly on his lips.

"He is in the river garden. Don't be impatient with him, you hard-hearted boy—he's not going to interfere with our happiness. But if he haled me not, do you think your selfishness would be gratified? When you owe everything to his magnanimity, how can you call him such wicked names?"

The power of her love for Felix was manifest in the lightness of tone she adopted. With the great joy of the consciousness of his love secured, streaming through her soul, she could not be sad in his presence, though at the same time her heart bled for her brother.

"I'm mightily grateful to him, I'm sure," replied Felix. "But I stick to it—he's worse than a Turk. Even they do not, so far as I have heard, shut up their sisters so that no one can get a peep at them. But why didn't he come in with you? Is he going to mull over it all night, out there in the moonlight?"

She stopped his lips with hers, and, instead of answering him, went over to Sibly, took both her hands, and gazed into her white, pleading face with an intelligence that read its secret.

"Will you go out to him, dear?" she asked. "Perhaps you can have influence with him, where I have failed. When you owe everything to his magnanimity, how can you call him such wicked names?"

She was hoping a great good to her sorrow-stricken brother, if these two could be brought together now.

"Oh! no! no!" cried Sibly, shrinking back in dismay, while rich blood streamed all over his face and neck.

"And why not, pray?" asked obtuse Felix. "That's just the thing. If I wasn't laid on the shelf, I'd exercise my prerogative of host, and go out and drag him in by the scruff of the neck, and make him tell me what he's thinking of."

And then her leaden tongue refused to articulate another syllable, palsied by his fixed regard.

He had indeed stared at her in disconcerting fashion, as if he could not believe his eyes. He saw her stop in helpless confusion, and cover her face with her hands. One step, and he clutched her wrists and tore her hands from before her face.

She looked up at him piteously, her gaze constrained by the intense magnetism of his.

He was terribly beautiful at this culminating point in his life, like some demi-god, who would lift her to the skies, or hurl her to the abyss, as he would in the next moment prove worthy of the worthy. And she, with quivering lips and panting breath, hung only on his will.

Fiercely he cried:

"Why have you come out to me? Why are you now pale and now red? Why do you tremble? Where is your pride—your self-possession?"

"Don't! don't!" she pleaded, not comprehending fully what prompted her own words, but only dimly conscious of some blow to be averted.

"Shall I tell you?" he cried. "It is because you love me! You know you do! See! see! you cannot deny it!"

No woman of spirit would endure such inverted wooing as that. Although her heart was at his, she would not let him see it. She would not let him see it. She would not let him see it.

He saw her stop in helpless confusion, and cover her face with her hands. One step, and he clutched her wrists and tore her hands from before her face.

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He was terribly beautiful at this culminating point in his life, like some demi-god, who would lift her to the skies, or hurl her to the abyss, as he would in the next moment prove worthy of the worthy. And she, with quivering lips and panting breath, hung only on his will.

Fiercely he cried:

"Why have you come out to me? Why are you now pale and now red? Why do you tremble? Where is your pride—your self-possession?"

"Stay where you are, Adele. I think that I can take care of her," said Egbert, and without further words marched out of the room as he had come.

When the door closed, Adele turned to Felix, appealingly.

He laughed.

"Is it possible that you are surprised at any unusual proceeding on the part of that very original gentleman? Have you yet to learn that he is the ghost in Hamlet?"

"But Sibly?"

"Oh, don't worry about her. I never heard of a young lady dying in a faint—did you? Try her to come round as soon as is convenient for the parties most nearly interested."

Meanwhile, Egbert had borne Sibly into a sitting-room and laid her on a sofa, while he exerted himself to reanimate her limp form. In the first moments of returning consciousness he wanted her all to himself.

Under her gentle ministrations all the soreness of Egbert's long-tried heart was allayed. For the time, at least, he was supremely happy.

By Felix's suggestion nothing had been said to his mother about his suit with Adele during Egbert's strange absence, and as it was late when Egbert and Sibly reached an understanding, he further counseled that the whole matter be deferred until morning.

"If you tell her now, she will be in a pucker all night. Break the glad tidings at the breaking of morn, and she'll have the whole day in which to regain her wonted equanimity."

Mrs. Cornish received the intelligence with so ill a grace that she began by reproaching Sibly, and then, ignoring her hypochondria, bilious attack, or what not, had herself dressed and went to Felix's room with colors flying. But an hour's interview with her son put her through the roles of an outraged society queen, the mother of ungrateful children, etc., to be followed by hysteria, melancholy martyrdom, and lastly that state of dignified acquiescence which enabled her to receive Egbert's proposals for her daughter's hand and Adele's shy advances of affection with at least unruffled composure.

So the course of true love bade fair to prove the rule by an exception, when the marplot entered upon the stage in the person of Long Jack.

CHAPTER XII.
LONG JACK'S THREAT.

In order to preserve uninterrupted the logical continuity of events, the minor threads of our narrative have been suppressed, to be now taken up when they begin to affect the pattern of the fabric.

M. Bourdoine had again encountered disappointment. The phantom of his early love still eluded him, like an *ignis fatuus*.

He sought his friends with the pitiful tale, fairly wallowing in the Slough of Despond; and for one whole day Sibly and Adele were at their wits' end trying to console him.

Just before the arrival of the dinner-hour he wiped the tears from his eyes, shrugged his shoulders, and said:

"*Eh bien!* eet is ze Fate implacable. Vat am I zat I shall note bow to ze decree of Providence? Ze fool shall clow ze present vis repine; ze future is immutable; ze vis me shall bask in ze passing sunshine! *Parbleu!* am I vone ingrate, zat I shall remain melancholique vis two soche divine consoler?"

And he kissed their hands in homage to their beauty.

At dinner he grew merry over his wine with Felix, and later he made one of the fair girls play on the piano while he danced with the other. As he was a "divine" waltzer, they were nothing told; so that M. Bourdoine's day of darkness ended with one of the pleasantest evenings they had enjoyed.

Having again set matters in train for a renewed search for "la belle Helene," M. Bourdoine's business in the city was concluded, and the day subsequent to the double betrothal saw him regularly installed at Riverside, on a visit of indefinite length to his old pupil.

His delight at the matrimonial prospects of the young people knew no bounds. He felicitated Felix; he felicitated Egbert; he felicitated Adele; he felicitated his pupil adorably. He even went with his congratulations to Mrs. Cornish, who, having been shocked out of her hypochondria, now favored the family with her company; and the very face with which she received Egbert, his felicitations and his rhapsodies over Adele kept Felix in a constant state of internal laughter.

But over one thing Felix dropped the corners of his mouth in dismay, while M. Bourdoine elevated his eyebrows and shoulders in astonishment. Egbert would not hear of Adele's marriage until she had turned eighteen, which was still a year distant, though he was possessed of a feverish anxiety to hasten the consummation of his own marriage with Sibly, and had prevailed upon Adele to fix the day upon the first of February, an interval of only two months.

And now for the *belles-lettres*, Long Jack. When introduced to the notice of the reader on board the River Queen his dress and manners were in keeping with his character of a gentleman as well.

On visiting Riverside he showed that in attire and demeanor he understood the amenities of a gentleman as well.

He catered to Mrs. Cornish's pet prejudices and flattered her so skillfully that he won her from thinking "Long Jack" a "low fellow, no doubt," to esteeming Mr. John Boardman above Egbert.

He waxed enthusiastic over "the Little Corporal" to M. Bourdoine. He praised Sibly's skill at riding, criticized her water-colors, and showed her how to mount some of the more delicate *algæ*—her

COUSIN DELLE.

BY D. CHANNING ROBBE.

The cottage on the mountain-side
Stands where the glow of summer-tide
In golden brightness gently falls
Upon its weather-beaten walls.
Over the porch the creepers twine,
With ivy and sweet eglantine;
While fast to many a knotted string
The circling scarlet runners cling.
Sweet spot! how dear thou art to me!
I hover round thee lovingly.
Oh, that I could forever dwell
Here with black-eyed Cousin Delle!
Away she trips beneath the trees—
Her fair cheeks kissed by summer's breeze;
Then through the meadows green, where flows
The babbling brook, she merrily goes.
The sun-hat dangling at her back,
No longer hides the raven black
And glossy locks of wavy hair
That falls upon her forehead fair.
Now skipping 'long the woodland path,
Then sporting in the aftermath—
Oh, would that I one-half could tell
The witchery of Cousin Delle!
Behold her now in fragrant hood
Of flowers from the deep wildwood;
And woven into every tress
A red rose of the wilderness.
Through the fields where daisies grow
I watch the dark-eyed maiden go.
Surely, on me there is some spell
Cast by that fairy, Cousin Delle.
May evil, pain and sorrow be,
Through all thy life, unknown to thee;
May all with thee be as serene as well,
Sunny, dark-haired Cousin Delle.

The Rejected Heart:
OR,
THE RIVAL COUSINS.

BY MARY GRACE HALPINE.

CHAPTER XIV.

A TERRIBLE DISCOVERY.

AN unaccountable feeling of depression weighed upon Walter's heart, which made the mirth and music of that gay assemblage jar harshly on his nerves, and he left very soon after John did.
He had gone but a few rods when he missed a bunch of keys that he always carried with him.
It contained not only his room and office key, but the one that unlocked a desk containing valuable papers.
He remembered hearing something drop from his pocket when he was in the old deserted house. He had looked, but the light being dim, had discovered nothing, and thought he was mistaken.
It must have been the missing keys.
There was no help for it; tired as he was, he would have to go back for them.
Fortunately his way home was past the road where this house stood, so it would not take him much out of the way.
With these thoughts, Walter turned down the rough and narrow road that led to the "old Stone place."
When near, though not within sight of it, he was startled by the report of a pistol.
Walter's horse was young and spirited; giving a snort of terror, it began to rear and plunge in a manner not a little dangerous in the steep and rocky place where he was.
After he had succeeded in calming him, he listened.
Not a sound broke the solemn stillness that reigned around.
Looking cautiously about him, he strained his eyes vainly to discover any movement in the road beyond.
Then, with a reassuring word to his horse, Walter went on.
The moon was partially obscured by a cloud, but the outlines of the house were plainly visible, amid the blackness that surrounded it.
As Walter looked he saw a figure emerge from the house and run down the walk to the road.
Whoever it was must have heard the sound of his horse's feet on the stony road, and which sounded very distinctly in the silence.
As it reached the road, it paused as if irresolute which way to go; then, suddenly turning, ran swiftly down the hill in an opposite direction.
Walter's horse now demanded all his time and attention.
As though it sensed some mysterious horror in the air, it began to balk, plunging from side to side, not even the application of the whip could make it go forward.
At last Walter dismounted, and taking him by the bridle, tried to lead him up to the house, but he could not induce the animal to move one step in that direction. At every fresh effort he reared upon his hind legs, trembling in every limb, his flashing eyes and dilated nostrils showing the terror that had seized him.
Pivoting what he could see no adequate cause for, Walter finally turned the horse round, securing him to a tree at the side of the road.
He then went into the house, the door of which stood wide open.
On entering the first room, he saw a dark pool of something oozing from beneath the door of the one opening out of the house.
On taking a step forward, his feet slipped, and in trying to save himself, both hands came in contact with a warm, slimy liquid, and which had the sickening odor of fresh blood!
Springing to his feet, Walter turned to the window.
Horror of horrors!—his crimsoned hands were dripping with gore!
Struck dumb and motionless with terror, he stood for some moments trying to collect his scattered thoughts.
Some dark, sinister, horrible deed had been committed. Murder or suicide?—which?
Shaking off the benumbing horror that oppressed him, Walter pushed back the door of the adjoining room, which was ajar.
Upon the floor lay the body of a man.
Walter approached nearer.
At this moment the moon burst out from behind a cloud, revealing to his horror-struck vision the white, rigid face of John Remington!
Tearing open the vest, he placed his hand upon the heart.
Though the body was still warm, there was not the faintest motion there; he could have been dead only a short time, but dead he was!
What was to be done now? Go to the family of the murdered man with the terrible tidings, apprise the magistrates of the foul murder that had been committed in their midst?
This was what he ought to do. And yet—
Supposing his story was not believed? Supposing—
His heart grew sick as he thought of John's fatal quarrel with him, and the terrible position in which he might find himself.
The murderer, whoever he was, had fled, and might never be found. Unless he was, suspicion would surely fall on him.
Why should he tell of his discovery of the body? What good would it do? Would it not be better to leave the discovery of it to some one else, rather than put himself in such mortal peril?
Picking up the missing keys, which he found under the table, Walter left the house; his mind a confused medley of doubts, fears and conjectures.
He finally came to the conclusion that he would say nothing about it.
Fatal mistake!—and still more fatal consequence that sprang from it!
The gray dawn was breaking before Walter fell asleep, and then he slept very heavily.

The bright sunlight was streaming into the room when he woke, with that vague feeling of horror, which weighed like the remains of a nightmare upon his spirit.
He would have thought his strange experiences of the past night to have been some horrible dream, were it not for what he saw around him.
The cuffs of the linen duster, that was lying across a chair, were dabbled with blood, while spots were on various other parts of it. And when he went to draw on his boots, he found that the soles were crimsoned and the instep splashed with the same horrible stains.
With a sick feeling at his heart that no words can describe, Walter covered his face with his hands.
He shuddered as his thoughts reverted to the ghastly thing that was lying in that old, deserted house, the sightless eyes turned up to the bright sunshine.
Had they found it? If not, when would they? Oh! that he had had the courage to have told all! But now it is too late.
After doing the best he could to remove the telltale marks from his clothing, Walter went down to the deserted dining-room.
Eben, the waiter, was noted for his news-gathering proclivities, and his willingness to disclose the same to whoever would give him a hearing.
Walter saw, with a feeling of relief, that his face wore its usual inane expression, when nothing was going on, to use his own words, "worth mentioning."
Walter never encouraged his propensity to talk, not considering that he needed any. Now he said:
"Any news, Eben?"
"Nothing worth speaking of, sir," replied Eben, with a doleful shake of the head. "Dreadful dull times these. There hasn't been a murder, or an elopement, or even a marriage, of any account, for I don't know when."
Eben said this with an injured look and tone, as though he considered it in the light of a personal grievance, and which would have provoked a smile from Walter at any other time.
Now, all he thought was, that nothing had been discovered as yet.
Hastily swallowing a cup of coffee he ordered his horse.
He had partly promised Irene, the night before, that he would join an excursion to the river that had been the subject of much talk and anticipation for the last fortnight. Now he felt that he dared not risk the ordeal to which it would subject him.
As Walter stood by his horse, adjusting some portion of the harness, he saw Charlie Gray crossing the road toward him.
"Good-morning, doctor. So you are not going to our excursion? But, good heavens! how pale you are looking. Are you ill?"
For the first time, Walter was conscious how pale and haggard his face must look, and it did not tend to calm his uneasiness at Charlie's unexpected appearance.
"I am not feeling very well; I have had a good deal riding about to do of late."
Charlie stared at him for a moment, and then said:
"I'm looking for John. He promised to be on hand the first one this morning, and hasn't put in an appearance yet. I thought that perhaps he had come down to the hotel for something."
"I haven't seen him," said Walter, replying more to the look and tone than to the words. "He may be about the building somewhere."
Young Gray passed into the hotel, and Walter rode away; scarcely daring to allow himself to think until he found himself in the open country, with the town far behind him.
John had been missed. The next thing would be a search. And then—
How vividly did his imagination portray the wide-spread horror and consternation, the grief and anguish that would follow!

CHAPTER XV.
FOUND DEAD!

PARTLY to put as many miles as possible between him and the scene of that dark tragedy, and partly to drive away the gloomy thoughts that oppressed him, Walter visited some patients in a rough and mountainous district, several miles from town.
On his way back he stopped at a farmer's for a bowl of bread and milk. He had taken nothing since morning, and was too faint and weary to proceed further.
The farmer's wife bustled about, placing upon the table a brown loaf and brimming pitcher of milk, of which he partook more heartily than he had believed it possible.
As he sat there one of the farmer's sons drove into the yard.
By the parcels of groceries in his wagon it was evident that he had been to town, and Walter looked curiously at him as he entered.
"Here's the *Herald*, mother," he said, tossing a paper into the old lady's lap, who was knitting by the window.
"Anything stirring in town, Jake?" inquired Walter, as he rose from the table.
"They're makin' a farum rumus 'bout a young chap that's missin'," said Jake. "His mother is in highstricks, an' nigh about the hull town out lookin' fur him, I should say. There wouldn't be no sech fuss if I should turn up missin', hey, mother?"
"Who is it?" inquired the old lady, whose placid face looked as if "highstricks" were something of which she had no personal experience.
"John Remington. You 'member him, dad?—that wild, harum-scarum fellow that was at the tavern down to the 'corners.'"
"Yes, I remember him," responded the farmer, who was sitting in the doorway, mending a harness; "an' I don't remember much good of him, nuther. By all accounts, it won't be no great loss if he ain't never found."
Walter's heart had grown strangely tender toward his dead kinsman; his sad, untimely fate making even his faults sacred.
He turned quickly toward the speaker.
"No—no! sir; you should not say that! My cousin had his faults—as who of us have not!—but he was not bad. There are hearts that are bound up in him!"
The speaker's voice broke a little at the concluding words.
A kind heart beat under that coarse, fustian jacket.
"He is the son of my father's brother; and I shall be very sorry if any harm has befallen him," said Walter, gravely.
Then turning to Jake, who was making a vigorous onslaught upon the substantial lunch that his mother had set out for him:
"Had they succeeded in finding no trace of him?"
"They hadn't when I come away, 'bout two hours ago."
The old farmer looked at the pale, troubled face, which had grown so old within the last twenty-four hours.
"Mayhap the young chap's hid himself away, just fur a lark. Don't you be none afeard but what they'll find him."
"He has not been found," thought Walter, as he rode on.
In spite of all the excitement, comments, and even suspicions it might arouse, he wished it over with him.
He could not endure the thought of the body lying there another night; and the impulse was strong upon him to go to the nearest magistrate and tell him all he knew.
He had to go past Irene's.
As he came in sight of the house, he saw a crowd of people approaching it.
Four stalwart men walked in front, bearing a stretcher.
Well did Walter know what it was that was lying so still beneath that white covering!
Then, as he thought of Irene, and how cowardly it was to leave her alone at such a time, he urged his horse forward.
By the time he reached the gate, which was wide open, the crowd had passed through it,

and of sight, and flinging himself from his horse, Walter followed.
The house stood back from the road, on an eminence, and as he reached the top, he saw Irene and several others standing on the steps, trying to prevent Mrs. Remington from going down to the crowd below.
As soon as Irene saw Walter, she ran down the steps, her face pale and her eyes dilated with horror.
"Oh! Walter, this is dreadful! dreadful! My poor aunt, it will kill her! Don't, oh! don't let her go down there!"
With pale face and disordered attire, Mrs. Remington stood upon the steps struggling against the detaining arms that were thrown around her.
"Let me go!" she shrieked. "John is hurt!—something has happened to my boy! I will know the meaning of this!"
And breaking away, she rushed down the steps, pushing through the crowd that surrounded the murdered man, just as Mr. Remington drew away the sheet that covered him.
For a moment she stared wildly at the white, rigid face.
Then she threw herself down beside it with a shriek that curdled the blood of all who heard it.
"Who has done this? Dead! dead! Oh! my boy! my boy! I cannot, cannot be!"
Here shriek after shriek came from the lips of the frenzied mother, until unconsciousness came mercifully to her relief.
Pressing through the horror-struck crowd, Walter raised the head of the fainting woman, until it rested against his knee.
The wretched father stood looking at the son he so idolized, like one benumbed and speechless by the magnitude of his woe.
He now sprung forward.
"Murder!" he cried, hoarsely, seizing Walter firmly by the collar, "how dare you come here? Have you come to gloat upon your victim? to witness the agony of the hearts you have bereaved?"
"Friends and neighbors," added the speaker, turning round and stretching out his hand toward the hushed and wondering crowd. "I call God and you to witness that I denounce this man as the murderer of my poor boy!"
With her face almost as white as the dress over which her fair hair floated like a veil, Irene now approached, laying her hand on his arm.
"This terrible thing has turned your brain, uncle; you don't know what you are saying."
Mr. Remington turned his eyes upon his niece with a look that she never forgot.
"I know what I am saying, but too well, as you will find. And I know, too, that it was to win you he did it! But he shall not go unpunished. My poor boy shall be avenged! I will have vengeance, vengeance on his murderer!"
These were terrible words for a man to listen to, however innocent he might be.
Walter's face was very pale, but there was neither fear nor anger there. The strong pity that had taken possession of his soul lifted him above all personal considerations.
"God pity and comfort you, sir," he said. "If those dumb lips could speak, they would tell you how innocent I am of bringing upon you this great calamity."
Walter turned away as he said this. Irene was just behind him, and he passed as he saw the mute appeal in the tearful eyes that met his.
"It will be better for me to go now," he whispered. "I can do no good, but rather harm by staying. Dr. Pratt is here, and will do all that is necessary. In the meantime, if you have anything to communicate, write me."
As Walter passed through the crowd he could not be unmindful of the suspicious glances that followed him.
Harry Gray was standing near. As Walter made that searching, questioning look, there instantly flashed upon his mind the letter he had sent by him to John the night previous.
His heart almost stood still with terror as he thought of all that might be inferred by it.
Could there be anything more unfortunate than the network of circumstances that surrounded him?

CHAPTER XVI.
A WOMAN'S FAITH.

WITH all the wealth and the circumstances of woe that wealth gives, John Remington was laid away "in the house appointed for all the living."
The funeral was in church, and very largely attended; curiosity drawing many thither who had taken little or no interest in him while living.
The coffin, an elegant thing of rosewood and satin, was literally covered with floral offerings, and which filled the church with their fragrance.
Many curious eyes were directed to the pew set apart for the "mourners," and which was vacant until just before the services commenced.
There was a strong sensation as Irene came in, leaning upon the arm of her uncle.
She was in deep mourning, which heightened, by contrast, the pallor of her face.
The change that the last few days had wrought in the bereaved father touched with pity the heart of every beholder. His face looked as if they had been years instead of days; his head was bowed, and he regularly attended.
Mrs. Remington was not present; she was lying in a darkened chamber upon the bed from which she never arose again.
Contrary to the general expectation, Walter was there. He sat in his own pew, it being the church, and the other part of his estate.
Two ladies were in the pew when he entered, who immediately arose and took another seat.
Walter took no apparent notice of this; taking a seat in the further corner, so that the rest of it could be at the disposal of any one who wanted to occupy it.
After the services, opportunity was given to all who desired it, to pass up one aisle, past the altar, where the coffin lay, and down the other, so as to obtain a parting look of the deceased.
After the larger part of the crowd had surged past, and the other part of his estate walked up to where the coffin stood, looking sadly upon its occupant, unmindful of the curious eyes that were watching him.
Never, in all the glow of health and life, had John Remington looked so handsome as when he lay there. The face wore that peaceful and serene expression, observed in all those who die suddenly from gun-shot wounds. Every trace of passion and excess had faded; the refining hand of death had spiritualized it, as nothing else could.
John was a favorite in the community. His frankness and generosity made him liked even by those who saw, with pain, the grave faults of his character.
While he lived there were fathers, thoughtful, clear-sighted men, who shook their heads at his wildness, saying, "that it might be well enough for John Remington, but if he was their boy—"
But now, all this was forgotten.
Struck down in their midst by a violent death, in the flush of his manhood, they remembered only his good, and the other part of his nature.
As is usually the case, their wrath and indignation against his murderer were in proportion to their grief and pity for his victim.
The dark cloud that was lowering above Walter's head, in whose shadow he walked, which ever way he turned, soon burst in all its fury.
On the evening of the day of the funeral, as he was reading an article in the local paper, commencing with the cheerful inquiry:
"Why is the murderer of John Remington still permitted to walk our streets?"—two men tapped at his door.
Perhaps Walter surmised their errand, for he looked from one to the other without speaking.
The elder of the two stepped forward and laid his hand on his shoulder.
"You are my prisoner: I arrest you, in the name of the State, for the murder of John Remington."
If the officers had anticipated any excitement, or resistance, they were disappointed.

Walter turned a little pale, but his countenance and bearing were as composed and steady as though it was simply a professional summons.
"Pray be seated; I will be ready in a few moments."
The officers remained standing by the door, while Walter made a few additions to his attire.
"Now I am ready."
"Please hold out your hands."
The young man's face flushed deeply.
"That is not necessary. I give you my word of honor that I will not try to escape."
"I have no discretion in the matter," was the cold response.
Walter said no more, but as he felt the touch of the cold iron upon his wrist, overcome with shame and humiliation, his head sunk upon his breast, while a faint moan came from the lips.
"Pray, don't give way, sir," said the younger man, whose heart was touched with pity at the shame and anguish so plainly depicted upon the face of the prisoner. "We have a carriage down at the door, and with this cloak around you no one will notice it."
In spite of the precautions used, quite a crowd had gathered around the hotel steps, and a storm of hootings and hisses greeted Walter when he came out.
Pat Maynard sat upon the box. He was a fast friend of Walter's, and his warm Irish heart was up in arms at the demonstration.
"Ye ought to be ashamed of yourselves, so ye had, to be after condemning a man before he's tried, aven't! It's not I that'll believe it of him, at all! Sure 'n' didn't he attend the ould woman an' me sister's three children, an' niver a cint would he take. He's a jontleman, an' ye're a set of dirty blackguards! If it wasn't fur 'lavin' me hosses, I'd git down an' give ye something worth howlin' fur!"
Walter heard the heavy clang of the door of his narrow cell close upon him with a feeling of desolation that no one can realize except those who have passed through a similar experience.
But after the first shock was passed, he experienced almost a feeling of relief that the worst had come, and that there was, now, no more necessity for concealment; he could tell all he knew in regard to what was almost as much a mystery to him as any one.
It was a terrible position to be placed in; no one could realize it more fully than he; still he could not bring himself to believe that he could be convicted of so grave an offense—hung for a crime that he never did.
"I knew I was in connection with his trouble was Irene and the sorrow that it would bring upon her."
That she loved him he knew; the consciousness of her love had made him very happy; but would it stand the test of such a terrible ordeal as this? Would she be able to come to him, or send him some cheering word?
But when hour after hour dragged its slow length along, and no tidings reached him, his courage began to fail.
(To be continued—commenced in No. 432.)

Choosing and Losing.

BY JENNIE DAVIS BURTON.

"Now, see here, Kent," said Mr. Briant, pacing his office floor with unwonted vigor. "It was by my advice you invested, and I feel myself in a measure responsible for your loss. I'll tell you what to do. Marry my niece, Archina, and I'll give you a minor partnership here."
August Kent, who had just had a fortune swept away, looked dully up.
"Marry Archina?" he repeated.
"Just the idea! She's a pretty girl, if she has some high-falootin' notions. See here, time is money, and I'm occupied. Suppose you come to dinner to-morrow and settle the matter with her."
"But, my dear sir," protested Kent, "suppose she should object?"
"She won't. I'm the only relation she has in the world. She'll do as I say or there'll be more of it!"
And with this portentous threat Mr. Briant bowed his visitor out, and that same evening imparted his plans to the black-eyed, slender girl who had been reared "like the lilies" within his luxurious home.
Archina listened with flashing eyes and crimson cheeks.
"Uncle Justin," said she, "what do you expect me to think of a man who takes me because you bid him—simply as a stepping-stone to fortune?"
"I'm not aware that you have any great amount of fortune to bestow," remarked uncle Justin, curiously. "I'll never leave you any if you disappoint me in this."
Though she might indulge herself in angry tears after that, Archina knew the fiat had gone forth against resistance was useless. Somehow the recollection of August Kent's handsome face comforted her a little.
"It would not be so hard to care for a man like that if he had only come of himself and before he was poor," thought she.
Dinner was over next day. The lights in the drawing-room were reflected from innumerable mirrors; there were pyramids of hot-house plants, gleaming statuary, cabinets of costly shells and painted dell—everywhere evidences of the luxury which had always surrounded Archina, without which she fancied it would be intolerable to live. And the alternative in the shape of Mr. Kent was making himself duly agreeable.
"Miss Briant," he petitioned, "will you show me the new picture your uncle has added to his collection? He has almost succeeded in arousing my enthusiasm in art affairs."
"Mr. Kent," retorted Archina, with the sweep of her silken skirts at his side as she led the way, "speak the truth. You don't care a fig for the picture and I know it."
"Then may I tell you what I care for you?" asked August, plunging boldly into the subject uppermost in his thoughts. "I am aware that coming to you in this way and at this time I cannot plead my cause with any grace, but I do ask you to believe that my admiration is sincere, that my future devotion shall be earnest and entire, if you can accept me as a lover."
"Very well, in that case we may consider the matter settled," responded Archina, with admirable promptness. "But I wish you to know that I could never tolerate meanness, or treachery or deceit."
"Why do you say that to me, Miss Briant?"
"Because I have heard the rumor which connects your name with that of Mrs. Durand's son. I don't want to be connected with him impulsively. I don't ask you how far your liking for her has gone. It is enough if you choose to give her up and enter into a compact of marriage with me; but if you cannot conscientiously and freely do this, be honest enough to tell me so now."
Mr. Kent smiled back into her earnest eyes.
"There are no broken pledges on my part," he declared, "and nothing deep enough in my interest for little Miss Lawrence to draw me for a single instant from the true allegiance I vow to you."
But it would appear that Mr. Kent was quite capable of putting two constructions upon his own words, since his early stroll through the park next morning had a meeting with this same little Miss Lawrence as his only incentive.
She sat on one of the rustic benches, quite unmindful of the dew which clung to her skirts and was showered down from the rustling branches overhead—a pretty, innocent young

girl, with a sweet, babyish mouth, wistful blue eyes, and bright brown hair waving over the white forehead, whose face lighted as she saw August, but held the traces of grief or trouble in its soft lines still.
"And now, what is it?" he asked, when he had taken the seat by her side. "Has Mrs. Durand been bringing the house down about your ears again? I can't conceive your being related even by a distant tie to that coarse, vulgar woman."
The curved red lips quivered. Little May Lawrence was conscious that she worked like a bond-slave for the privilege of being retained as Mrs. Durand's dependent, but a deeper grievance was swelling her heart.
"It's worse than anything before, August—she is jealous. You know how they quarrel, and Mr. Durand does pay me attention, but it is only because he sees it annoys her. She would send me off only he forbade her, and I am—I'm miserable!"
"And I am further than ever from being able to save you from that sort of life," muttered August, gloomily. "Look here, May; old Van Nor would propose in a minute if he thought it was the least bit of use, and I'll put him up to it if you'll cut me and take him. It won't be half as bad as that snarling cat-and-dog business at the Durands."
A white, scared look flitted across the girl's face.
"August, is it true that you want to be rid of me?"
"Who has been telling you any such nonsense, May?"
"Cousin Annette. She says that I have encouraged you, and she has no doubt but you despise me for being such an ignorant little fool, but oh! how could I help it?"
"You couldn't," declared August, decisively. "I am only advising you to cut me off and take up Van Nor for your own good, because you are fretting yourself to death where you are, and I haven't the hardihood to ask you to starve to death with me as a choice of methods. I believe if I were half a man I would take myself out of your way altogether. I am a selfish fellow at best, and you would get over it and be better off."
"I would die. I would run away and drown myself if it wasn't for you—if I didn't believe in you."
Mr. Kent's lips were suddenly compressed. A light as assured and tender as he had cast into the black eyes of Archina Briant on the previous night now beamed into these swimming blue ones.
"My true, little darling; you shall have reason to believe in me. Let what will come of it, I am going to take you, dear, now, if you have faith enough to trust yourself to me."
Archina Briant and her bosom friend, Zoe Percy, were passing one of the up-town church edifices which was open for repairs when the latter came to a sudden stand-still.
"Let's go in and see the new painted window," said she. "The design is by 'eraney, and it's half as lovely as he is we'll be rewarded for our trouble."
"Don't be irreverent, Zoe!"
"Fshaw, don't you be a hair-splitter, Archina. You'd rave over Veraney, too, if you weren't engaged already."
A dim light was diffused through the body of the church, and one or two other sight-seers wandered with aimless movements, scarcely distinguishable from the ghostly pillars in the dim aisles. Archina was made aware of the proximity of two unscrupulous persons who had stopped in the nave.
"May," said a voice, to which she involuntarily listened, the voice of Mr. Kent. "I may as well tell you that there is no priest on hand and will be none. I deceived you when I pretended to bring you here for the purpose of marrying you. Lord knows I'd do it if I could, but it's out of the question, and there's the end of it. I love you, and it is as much for your sake as mine that I am going to sacrifice myself to Miss Briant in a few weeks more. My darling, listen!"
But May Lawrence shrunk before his pleading as she would have done from a blow.
"Let me go," she cried, in a suffocating voice; but August held fast the little hand which had turned like ice within his own.
"It is too late to go, May. Mrs. Durand has your note before this, and you can never return there. No harm shall come to you, poor little frightened bird. I couldn't endure to see you so unhappy, and I planned this to take you out of that jealous woman's power. When I am once married, you shall have a place as companion to my wife, and I will be your firm friend and protector meanwhile. Say that you forgive me and will let me provide for you, May!"
"Perhaps you will hear my opinion first, Mr. Kent."
Had a sheeted ghost arisen before him, he could scarcely have been more startled than by the apparition of Archina Briant, perfectly cool and collected, standing before him.
"You seem to forget the justice due your future life in making your pleasant arrangements, and in that character I should certainly object to harboring one so favored in your affections as Miss Lawrence. You had better reconsider your choice between us, may be, for the future Mrs. Kent; I relinquish my claim in her right with all the pleasure that a true knowledge of your character incites."
Kent threw back his head with a defiant gesture, and flung out his hand to detain her as she was turning away.
"Miss Briant," he said, "I have chosen you. You cannot shake me off so readily as you appear to think. I yield to your decision in this, but I hold you to your promise still."
With that he turned and walked away, quite unmindful of poor May.
The one bright hope which had sustained her had been stricken from her life, but she was not left friendless and alone in her utter despair. When Mr. Briant went home from his business that evening he found his niece and another young lady awaiting him.
"Miss Lawrence, uncle Justin. Since you are such a monomaniac on the subject of restitution I have brought her case to you."
"Oh! said uncle Justin, looking in puzzled wonder at the pale and shrinking girl.
"You felt bound to make good the fortune August Kent lost in his own speculations by giving me to him. You will be as willing to provide Miss Lawrence with another husband, I suppose, as I am the fortunate means of taking him from her. She had a previous claim, she appears, and she has lost her situation because he inveigled her into a church on a promise to marry her, and then refused. I was a witness to the whole transaction."
"The scandal!" sputtered Mr. Briant, who, though stiff-necked and dictatorial, held to certain old-fashioned principles of honor. "Did you break your engagement and send him about his business, Archina? Did you tell him never to put his nose in this house again?"
"Well, no, uncle Justin," answered Archina, demurely. "He wouldn't break it, and I couldn't without perilling my chances with you. I don't fancy applying for the vacant position with Mrs. Durand."
But it ended all the same in Mr. Kent's abrupt dismissal, and the finding for time, May Lawrence of another, and let us trust, a better place.

In the old days in Scotland there often was a familiarity manifested between the pulpit and the congregation which is well illustrated in the following anecdote: A young man, who occupied opposite to the clergyman, in the front of the gallery, had been up late on the previous night, and had stuffed the pack of cards with which he had been occupied into his coat-pocket. Forgetting the circumstance, he pulled out his handkerchief, and the cards tumbled about the church. The minister looked at him and remarked: "Eh, man, your psalm bulk has been ill bund."

The haughty color burned on the young lord's cheek at the implication that "her father might object to him! This was turning the tables with a vengeance! That rough old mine

object to an earl's son? Henry thought of his home at Roselm, his place in Mayfair, his place at court, and almost laughed, only he was too unhappy about the matter to enjoy his ludicrous side.

"I shall not run away for fear a bragart might assassinate me," was the rather lofty reply. "As to her father, if I were certain that Miss Brant was legally free from the scoundrel who claims her as his wife, I should be quite willing to defy him. It is the matter of the pretended marriage that troubles me, Mr. Bryce."

"Now, just you marry the girl an' yer all right. That little black-eyed critter is the real wife, no mistake. You don't run no risk then, my friend. An' you won't be makin' sech a bad match, nuther, ef ye've got a title tacked on to the tail of yer name. Most folks likes money. Money covers a multitude o' sins. Money's good to have, even for an earl's son. They tell me Ben Brant's got silver enough to build a ten-acre house outen the solid bricks, an' enough left over to rail in a perrairie, an' gold enough fur trimmin's. He's the owner of a *bona fide* bonanza, he is; an' a little of that ar' silver would go good to enrich the worn-out ole o' yer father's estates. Put that in yer daddy's pipe, an' smoke it! To say nothin' of the beauty of that ar' partikular girl! I'm proud of her as a specimen, I am! Yer needn't tell me that any such ladies were you come from. Queen Victoria's daughters can't be so handsome as Miss Mercedes!"

The young nobleman was unused to hearing such familiar talk from an inferior; hardly knowing whether to resent it or take it good-naturedly, he kept silent.

"Bill Alexander's actooaly growin' thin," went on Sam, unabashed. "He's frettin' hisself to a shadder. I told him yesterday he'd do to cut bread with, he was gittin' so sharp. Fur my part, I'm sure, that little black-eyed witch, Keety, is good enough fur him. That gal will do some mischief, vit, sure's my name's Sam Bryce! It's in her! I'd rather fool with a three-year-old colt than a woman with them eyes! You can git out o' the way of a colt's heels, but you can't git ag'in a jealous girl what you've made false promises to. Them's my sentiments."

"Perhaps you are right," Lord Henry felt he must make some answer—"but she seems a gentle, kind creature."

"Of course, of course! Them kind is gentle, an' good, an' self-denyin', an' can't do enough for you, an' all that," he said, as he looked at Keety. "But, he to 'em, an' deceive 'em, an' see how the fire will flash! I tell you, sir, it strikes me that Keety's broodin' an' broodin'; an' somethin' will come of it!"

"Well, I'm much obliged to you for all your kindness, Mr. Bryce; and I'll bid you good-night, now."

"Good-night, sir; an' if that's news, I'll contrive to let you know."

"Thank you. I've made up my mind to leave here day-after-to-morrow."

Sam Bryce opened his mouth very wide; then shut it again without saying anything.

"An' leave her behind, you pale-livered English cuss!" was what he wanted to exclaim.

Lord Henry regained the little house where he had spent the very happiest hours of a happy life, full of serious thought, pondering what he should do. The most important decision of his life had to be made. He could not remain on and on indefinitely, in that humble home, as he would have liked. He owed it to his friends, to good-night, and had gone to his own rooms where for an hour or more he had worked hard and steadily at his literary duties—for to Robert Holm there was no such thing as absolute rest even at the seaside, on what he termed his vacation.

He was making a glorious reputation. His novels were the sensation of the day, and the reading world had gone crazy-mad over them. He was coming money; gayest men adored him. Men consulted him, strangers looked at him with awe, and he was a species of some extent race-fortune favored him every way, except—

It was that exception of which he was thinking as he sat on the upper balcony, smoking his cigar, his fiery tip making a pale light in the yellow moonlight, and he had been thinking of thought every hour of his life, of which he had thought every hour since he and the only woman he had ever loved had parted from each other, months ago, and of whom he had never uttered a word of regret, and he had been hard and merciless in his anger.

Once or twice he had heard her name mentioned, casually; beyond that, it was as if the sea had swallowed her.

He had regretted something very much—as much as it is possible for a man ever to regret anything where a woman is concerned. He had missed her very much—missed the soft touches of her hand, the uplifted eyes full of adoring love, the voice that thrilled him, the passion, the lips that quivered beneath his kisses—he missed them, and yet, manlike, he would have rather forever gone on missing them than to have admitted the loss he felt.

Yet he loved her—certainly not as she loved him, or he would have gone to her and took her back to his arms again; he loved her so well that even Elsie Wynne's sweetness and shyness had not yet been powerful enough to make him willing to plant an eternal barrier between him and Mabel Gracien by asking her to be his wife.

Somewhat, it seemed to him that the time must come when Fate would order their meeting—his and Mabel Gracien's; and, while he actually depended on such a future hope, he was yet perfectly willing to permit Elsie Wynne to try her chance.

I hope I am not making Robert Holm out to be a worse man than he was, for really he was an average good fellow—only, the woman who loved him did as women are too apt to do, made an ideal of him and worshipped it, bestowing the real man possessed all the attributes of the ideal.

To-night, all alone there, Robert Holm was actually yearning for Mabel Gracien—wondering where in the wide world she was, little dreaming that exactly opposite where he sat the midnight stars were looking down on such an agony of heart as makes it seem a curse for women to be given the capacity of passionate loving.

Sitting there, he realized more keenly than he ever had realized before what was lost from his life because of Mabel Gracien. He understood, as somehow he never had understood before, how beautifully perfect his life would have been with her—how perfect it still could be with her, if only he knew where or how she was.

All his pulses leaped as the thought came to him as it had never come before.

"My little Mabel! My own little girl whose love alone can bless me! Where shall I seek her! How can I find her?"

Then he thought of Elsie Wynne, and her sweetness and her girlish shyness, so mingled with womanly tenderness—Elsie Wynne, who he knew so well had given all her young love to him, and which he saw very plainly tonight would never satisfy him as Mabel's love had done, would yet do—if he but found her.

It was then that he made up his mind to find her, to win her back. It was then he decided how to conquer Elsie Wynne's love was compared with Mabel's; it was then he made up his mind that he should never ask Elsie to be his wife—poor, innocent, little blue-eyed girl, that very moment dreaming of him!

After that, he put out his light and went to bed, and slept well and dreamlessly, while—

Almost the first words he heard when he went down to his nine o'clock breakfast was the news that Miss Gracien, of the Ocean Avenue House, had been found, early that dawning, lying dead on the sands.

Mabel Gracien—whose love and pain had overpowered life, and left her powerless to joy at the fate that would have come to her in such a little while—powerless to suffer more of the mad torture that killed her.

Of course the doctors said her disease. Then people remembered how thin, and wan, and delicate she had looked for some time. Then there were hushed voices for a day or two—a day or two in which Robert Holm went about with a

soul's center, and all of her was crying out in speechlessness of suffering.

Then, she heard footsteps coming, and the soft rustle of a woman's skirts over the moist sands, and then, as a lady and gentleman passed her, Robert Holm's well-known voice addressed his companion—simple, common-place words enough, but they made Mabel Gracien free, for a moment, that she would die of the shock, the startling surprise of pain.

"Take care, Elsie; the wash came nearly to your feet then."

Then a little feminine scream, a gathering of snowy, fluted ruffled skirt, a glimpse of dainty, French-slipped feet and pale, salmon silk hose, a little laugh from Robert Holm, and the two passed on beyond, away from her. She had scarcely strength to look up from beneath her wide-rimmed hat, even to look after him, when, her idol, on whose arm a fair girl was leaning so confidently, listening, without doubt, to the same sweet, persuasive voice, that had even yet the same power to thrill her own poor sick heart.

She lifted her eyes, dark with agony, and looked at him, with such craving hunger in her gaze that it would have broken his heart to have seen; looked at him, so grandly handsome and strengthful and manly; looked at the proud set head, with the short-cut, curling hair she had more than once kissed in a very passion of tenderness the broad, square shoulder against which the girl's bare head just reached.

Then she looked at her—tiny, graceful, stylish, with her fair hair floating softly in the sea-breeze, her cheeks pink as an oleander bud, her laughing lips the luscious tint of wet coral.

"Elsie!" He must have cared for her very, very much, he must be on closely intimate terms to call her by her lovely Christian name—and great, deadly pains of heart, jealous agony, surged over and over this woman who would have died for Robert Holm's sake—for Robert Holm's sake, and he going further and further away from her, with Elsie Wynne's sweet eyes looking in his face, her beautiful hand nestling on his arm.

Gradually they went beyond her range of vision, never having seen her, never having dreamed of her vicinity, never having thought of her at all. She moaned to herself as she crouched down, nearly blind in the world, with only the roll and break of the foamy surf at her feet, with every minor chord of the serenade by the band, that her life was being wrung from her by those pangs of dumb, writhing agony.

Then, the sky grew darker and darker, and a few stars came out, and the moon soared high and higher. People went back to the hotels along the bluff, and the music adjourned to the ball-room; and it seemed to Mabel Gracien that she was solitary and deserted in the world, with only the stars and the sea and her we left to her breaking heart that loved, as women so often do, too well; that loved, as women so pitifully often do, so many thousand-fold more than they are beloved in return.

The hush of the solemn midnight was on land and sea, seeming to Robert Holm as if the very silence was eloquent with memories of the past. He had spent an hour or so at the hop earlier in the night, then he had hidden Elsie Wynne only the stars and the sea and her we left to her breaking heart that loved, as women so often do, too well; that loved, as women so pitifully often do, so many thousand-fold more than they are beloved in return.

He was making a glorious reputation. His novels were the sensation of the day, and the reading world had gone crazy-mad over them. He was coming money; gayest men adored him. Men consulted him, strangers looked at him with awe, and he was a species of some extent race-fortune favored him every way, except—

It was that exception of which he was thinking as he sat on the upper balcony, smoking his cigar, his fiery tip making a pale light in the yellow moonlight, and he had been thinking of thought every hour of his life, of which he had thought every hour since he and the only woman he had ever loved had parted from each other, months ago, and of whom he had never uttered a word of regret, and he had been hard and merciless in his anger.

Once or twice he had heard her name mentioned, casually; beyond that, it was as if the sea had swallowed her.

He had regretted something very much—as much as it is possible for a man ever to regret anything where a woman is concerned. He had missed her very much—missed the soft touches of her hand, the uplifted eyes full of adoring love, the voice that thrilled him, the passion, the lips that quivered beneath his kisses—he missed them, and yet, manlike, he would have rather forever gone on missing them than to have admitted the loss he felt.

Yet he loved her—certainly not as she loved him, or he would have gone to her and took her back to his arms again; he loved her so well that even Elsie Wynne's sweetness and shyness had not yet been powerful enough to make him willing to plant an eternal barrier between him and Mabel Gracien by asking her to be his wife.

Somewhat, it seemed to him that the time must come when Fate would order their meeting—his and Mabel Gracien's; and, while he actually depended on such a future hope, he was yet perfectly willing to permit Elsie Wynne to try her chance.

I hope I am not making Robert Holm out to be a worse man than he was, for really he was an average good fellow—only, the woman who loved him did as women are too apt to do, made an ideal of him and worshipped it, bestowing the real man possessed all the attributes of the ideal.

To-night, all alone there, Robert Holm was actually yearning for Mabel Gracien—wondering where in the wide world she was, little dreaming that exactly opposite where he sat the midnight stars were looking down on such an agony of heart as makes it seem a curse for women to be given the capacity of passionate loving.

Sitting there, he realized more keenly than he ever had realized before what was lost from his life because of Mabel Gracien. He understood, as somehow he never had understood before, how beautifully perfect his life would have been with her—how perfect it still could be with her, if only he knew where or how she was.

All his pulses leaped as the thought came to him as it had never come before.

"My little Mabel! My own little girl whose love alone can bless me! Where shall I seek her! How can I find her?"

Then he thought of Elsie Wynne, and her sweetness and her girlish shyness, so mingled with womanly tenderness—Elsie Wynne, who he knew so well had given all her young love to him, and which he saw very plainly tonight would never satisfy him as Mabel's love had done, would yet do—if he but found her.

It was then that he made up his mind to find her, to win her back. It was then he decided how to conquer Elsie Wynne's love was compared with Mabel's; it was then he made up his mind that he should never ask Elsie to be his wife—poor, innocent, little blue-eyed girl, that very moment dreaming of him!

After that, he put out his light and went to bed, and slept well and dreamlessly, while—

Almost the first words he heard when he went down to his nine o'clock breakfast was the news that Miss Gracien, of the Ocean Avenue House, had been found, early that dawning, lying dead on the sands.

Mabel Gracien—whose love and pain had overpowered life, and left her powerless to joy at the fate that would have come to her in such a little while—powerless to suffer more of the mad torture that killed her.

Of course the doctors said her disease. Then people remembered how thin, and wan, and delicate she had looked for some time. Then there were hushed voices for a day or two—a day or two in which Robert Holm went about with a

pale face, and strange thoughts and fancies in his head, and a curious feeling at his heart.

A day or two of that. Afterward, several weeks of glad sunshiny weather, and sparkling sea, and sweet, soft winds, and moonlight and starlight, and then—

He asked Elsie Wynne to marry him. And she, who had been the price of his happiness—that from all eternity it had been written against the name of one woman Robert Holm loved, to die for his sake that she might reap her harvest of perfect content.

THIS IS THE SAME OLD MANSION.

BY WM. W. LONG.

This is the same old mansion,
Mossy and grim and gray,
And the summer sunlight falleth
As bright and fair to-day.
The bluebird sings in the cedars,
In a low, sweet monotone;
An the path all lined with roses
Winds up to the old door-stone.

Spring brings the same young swallows,
From sunny lands of "once,"
And the heart of the June rose opens
To the kiss of the roaming bee.
The lark soars up in the ether
Of the beautiful bright blue sky,
And the winds of the forest whisper
As they wander softly by.

'Twas here in the glow of sunset
We rambled amid the flowers;
Ne counted the moments as they flew
On wings of golden hours;
But now in midsummer's beauty
The heart is cold and drear,
Like the shattered strings of a broken lute
Whence sweetest sounds have fled.

My feet tread alone each chamber,
So bright in the days of old;
The house rings with the echoes
The heart-fire dark and cold;
Yet a sweet face ever haunts me—
A face with a rosy glow,
And the soft smile that gave me
In this old home, years ago.

The Pirate Prince;

OR,

Pretty Nelly, the Queen of the Isle.

BY COL. PRENTISS INGRAHAM.

AUTHOR OF "CAPTAIN OF CAPTAINS," "THE RIVAL LIQUORISTS," "THE GIRL GUIDE," "THE BOY TERROR," "THE SKELETON COAST," "THE BOY CHIEF," "DIAMOND DIK," "THE FLYING YAN-KEE," "WITHOUT A HEART," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXIV.

UNDER THE SHADOW OF EL MORO.

HAVING gained an offing from the Buccaneer Island, Captain Rafael left the deck in charge of Coxswain Morton, promoted for the time being to the second in command of the *carera*, and Rafael stood politely, with uncovered head, before the new officer who was exceedingly proud of.

"How shall I head, sir?" asked Matt Morton, as Rafael turned away.

"As you are for the present, I was just going into the cabin to consult the lady passenger regarding her desires as to where she will land."

Entering the sumptuously-furnished cabin, Captain Rafael found his fair passenger reclining upon a silken divan, her face aglow with hope, while an old negress, the old negress, a murmur of joy escaping her lips in monotonous strain.

"Pardon my intrusion, senorita, but I come to ask if you prefer to land at your own home, or would have me carry you to Havana?" and Rafael stood politely, with uncovered head, before the beautiful girl, who replied quickly:

"Be seated, senor captain, and we will decide between us; but, dare you enter Havana with your vessel?"

"Yes, lady, I dare go anywhere; but of course not in the garb you know me. If I run into Havana, I am a south-side planter, and this is my yacht—my name being Don Bernardo Rosalia."

"I understand, senor—neither myself or my old maid, Magdalena, would betray you, or yours, after all you have done for us. No, I shall ever remember Rafael, the Rover, with kindness, nay, with friendship, and since you came to our rescue this afternoon, Magdalena has been praying to the Virgin for your prosperity, and the maiden smiled sweetly, while Rafael said, somewhat bitterly:

"It is kind of Magdalena, for my prosperity is other people's ruin; but I am glad, senorita, to have won your blessings instead of your curses; then, if you are willing, I will carry you to Havana, running in by night, and landing under cover of the darkness, for I do not wish to attract more attention than is necessary. You have friends in Havana?"

"Indeed! he commands the Moro Castle," said Rafael, in some surprise.

"Yes, senor, and he is as stern as those old castle walls; but not to me, for he has been ever kind, and my mother, his sister, was the being kind, if you are willing, I will carry you to Havana, running in by night, and landing under cover of the darkness, for I do not wish to attract more attention than is necessary. You have friends in Havana?"

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One soon arrived, and Rafael called to Inez, to escort her to it; but she drew back.

"No, senor captain, he is suffering and should be the first cared for. Let them go in this vehicle; another will soon arrive."

"As you please, senorita. Here, my man, take your patient in this *volante*, and when you have found him quarters and made him comfortable, return to this landing and a boat will meet you."

Martin obeyed this order with alacrity, inwardly blessing the maiden for first thinking of his patient and getting him out from under the eagle eye of the young chief, for he was in constant dread of discovery, and the nearer he drew to safety the more nervous he became.

As for Paul Melville, he was perfectly calm. If it came to the worst, he could raise the alarm; declare that Rafael the Rover was there, and he could soon prove that he was a commissioned officer in the navy of the United States.

But unsuspecting that Paul Melville was even alive, Rafael of course had no suspicion of who was at his very side, and aided Martin and who could soon prove that he was a commissioned officer in the navy of the United States.

"Gracias, senor, gracias, senor captain," said Paul Melville, in a faint voice, to Rafael, and in perfect Spanish.

A moment after the *volante* wheeled rapidly away, as a second one dashed up, and drew rein near the boat.

Into this vehicle Rafael helped the Senorita Inez and Magdalena, and then sprung in himself. "To the Moro—the commandant's quarters," he said to the driver, and the heavy carriage rumbled along the streets on its way to the gun-guarded fortress.

A short drive and the vehicle was admitted through the massive gateway, and drew rein in front of the quarters of the commandant.

"Now, senor, you will leave me here!" pleaded Inez, grasping the hand of the buccaneer.

"No, I will give you into the charge of your uncle, senorita."

Before the maiden could reply, an officer stood by the side of the vehicle.

"I see General Sebastian, senor; I have his niece, the Senorita Revilla, with me."

"Certainly, senor; he will most gladly welcome you, for the mysterious disappearance of the senorita has pained him deeply. Your name, senor, and I will announce you."

"Si, senor; and the officer disappeared to return the next instant, accompanied by a distinguished-looking man in the full uniform of a Spanish general, and with a glad cry the maiden found herself clasped in her uncle's arms.

"Ah, my nephew, I welcome you again and again! I believed you forever lost to me; but tell me, where have you been, and to whom do we owe your rescue?"

"Inez, this is the gentleman to whom I owe my recovery," said General Sebastian, "and he who saved me from that wretched buccaneer, Luis Ramirez."

"Ha! it is as I have heard—Luis Ramirez is then a corsair?"

"But, senor, pardon me, if, in the joy of my niece's return, I have seemed to slight you; it was unintentional, senor, I assure you, and you must now come in and have wine with me; but how is it you rescued Inez?—pray tell me."

"There is an island, senor general, near my home, where I often hunt; it is sometimes occupied by buccaneers, and it was there that Ramirez took the senorita, and held her in imprisonment, while he was on a cruise, hoping, upon his return, that she would be forced to marry him."

"Yes, senor, I found the senorita and brought her home—that is the whole story, senor general."

"And I have to thank you, senor, more than I can ever express; but if you will not accept my hospitality while in Havana, you must take wine with me. Here, Pedro, bring wine and glasses," and the general called to a servant, while he continued:

"At what hotel will you stop, senor, for I would be glad to do the honor of a call upon you?"

"I shall remain upon my *carera*, senor. If I do not sail with the morning tide, it will give me pleasure to see you, and the senorita, on board to-morrow. The lady Inez knows my vessel well, and can see if I have gone, for we are anchored near here."

"We will certainly come if you are in port. Now, senor, I drink your very good health, and to our better acquaintance."

The toast was drunk, and Rafael said, quietly:

"Inez, Revilla bowed low, and a blush came over her cheeks, which the moment after, were pale, for each instant she dreaded that her guardian preserver would be found out in his real character."

But, without discovery, Rafael bade *adieu* to his fair passenger and the commandant, and springing into the *volante*, was soon at the landing once more.

"Has Martin returned, coxswain?" he asked, of the man in charge of the boat.

"No, senor; but the *volante* driver brought you this note," and the seaman handed a missive to Rafael, not thinking it worth while to say anything about a letter he had to deliver to Matt Morton, and which he had received from the driver of the *volante*.

"I will read it when I get on board; pull for the *carera*."

Remaining at the vessel, the buccaneer chief entered the cabin and glanced at the note. It ran as follows:

"SENIOR CAPTAIN:
Desirous of leading a new life, and conscience-stricken at my past career of crime, I have determined not to return on board the *carera*.
It will be useless to search for me, as I will not be found.
I have been a terrible risk, senor. Suppose, after all, you land me at some place on the coast."
No, I am going to Havana anyhow, and one who has the life, do as Captain Fate in his hands. There are refreshments, senorita, and if I can serve you in any way, please command me. Buenas noches, and Captain Rafael returned to the deck, and the *carera* was put away for Havana.

"Upon the night following the departure from the island, the pretty little vessel glided swiftly in under the shadows of the Moro, and dropped anchor close in shore."

"Now, senorita, I am ready to escort you to your quarters," said Rafael, as he stepped ashore, where Inez Revilla and Magdalena awaited him, ready for departure.

"If you will escort me to a *volante* on shore, I can easily be driven to my uncle's," said Inez, with a pleasant smile.

"No, I consider you my *protégée*, and shall see you safely in the arms of your uncle."

"But the great risk you run, senor. Oh! do not, for my sake, place yourself in such jeopardy. Why, I go right into the walls of the Moro, where my life is in peril."

"I know; it is early and we will find him up; besides, I have long had a desire to see the interior of the Moro," said Rafael, carelessly.

Offering his arm he led the maiden on deck, and Matt Morton politely saluted him, as he asked:

"Can I send Martin ashore, sir, in a boat, with the sick fisherman?"

"Certainly; I had forgotten him. Give Martin gold to defray the expenses of the poor fellow at some *pulperia* until he recovers."

"Speak out, *amigo*—I owe you my life, and I'll do all I can, you may rest assured."

"Well, sir, you know that Captain Rafael came with us in the *cavera*?"

"Yes, and I've been thinking that it would be a good plan to entrap him. He kidnapped me, you know, and I nearly lost my life by it, so I will see that he is taken and he will be broken on the wheel, or garroted," and Paul Melville's eyes flashed with determined hatred.

"That is just it, *senor*. There is a big price offered for Rafael's head, dead or alive, and we might as well handle the gold, and I can arrange it easily."

"Then we will do it, Martin. Now to your plan."

"Well, *senor*, you say you are not going to leave here for a day or two?"

"Yes, I'll remain housed several days, resting, and then go on board the sloop-of-war to which I am ordered."

"Shall I go aboard, *senor*, to let them know you are here? I would like a chance to enlist, you know."

"You can easily do that. I will see to it; but I will not let my captain know I am here until I go on board. Now to your plan?"

"It is this, *senor*. I know the *pulpero* where the chief will put up, and I can go there to-morrow, find out his room, and lay my plans, so that to-morrow night we can go together, with several guards, and capture him."

"The very plan! You are a good plotter, and I will leave it in your hands."

The buccaner said no more, but rising, bade Paul Melville good-night, and sought his own room, which adjoined that of the young officer.

The following day he was up at an early hour, and was busy until late in the afternoon arranging some plan for the capture of the *pulpero* at a late hour.

"I am ready, *senor*, the guards await us at the *pulperia*, and Captain Rafael is there, wholly unsuspecting. By the time we arrive it will be midnight, so you had better get ready."

"I will be with you in a moment, my fine fellow. Now, here I am," and the two left the house together and sprang into a *volante* awaiting in front of the door.

After quite a long drive they got out in front of a rude tavern, or *pulperia*, in one of the lowest, dingiest streets in Havana, and were at once ushered into a door on the side by the *pulpero*, who met them.

Within the narrow, dark hallway, stood two men in uniform, and Martin introduced them as the guard.

"We have a Tartar to catch, my men; I hope you are well prepared," said Paul Melville.

"*Si, senor*, we are ready for any emergency," replied one of the men.

Going along a narrow, dingy hallway, the five men, for the *pulpero* accompanied them, leading the way, ascended several rickety stairways, and knocked at a low door.

"Come in!" replied a voice within.

"Enter first, *senor*," said Martin, and Paul Melville raised the latch and crossed the threshold.

It was a pleasant room inside, and neatly furnished, with bed, dresser, and table, upon which a lamp burned brightly.

At the table sat a man who arose as the party entered.

"We would see El Capitán Rafael," said Paul Melville, failing to recognize a dark-bearded, large man who came forward to meet them.

As quick as a flash of light the man pointed the muzzle of a pistol in the face of Paul Melville, while he hissed forth:

"*Senor*, you are my prisoner. If you resist I will kill you."

Paul Melville saw that the man was in earnest, and furthermore beheld the *pulpero* also holding a pistol at his head, while the two guards had Martin in durance vile, and with a bitter imprecation he said:

"I surrender; what is your intention with us?"

"Not to harm you, unless you attempt to escape; but to hold you prisoner until Rafael's *cavera* leaves the harbor. You see the buccaner captain is merciful," replied the man whom they had found in the room.

"Yes, he is very merciful," and then turning to Martin he said in English:

"We're in a trap. I hope he tells the truth when he says he will release us when the *cavera* sails."

"I hope so, *senor*," said Martin in desponding tones.

"Here, no conversation between you. Remove that man to the other room, and place the guard at his door," sternly commanded the one who seemed to be the leader of the party.

"Come, sir," and Martin was dragged from the room and Paul Melville was left alone, after the *pulpero* had told him he should be furnished with meals and all that he desired to pay for.

As the door closed the *pulpero* locked it securely and placed the key in his pocket, after which he ordered one of the guards to take his stand outside.

Then the other guard, the leader and *pulpero*, with Martin, went into another room near by, when the seaman no longer appeared to be a prisoner, as he turned to his companions and said:

"*Senors*, that was well executed, and I thank you. The *pulpero* will give you a good agreed upon between us, and your duties as sentinels will only last a few days; *buenas noches*, comrades."

The guard and his companion at once left the room, leaving the *pulpero* alone with the seaman.

"*Senor*, you remember my instructions—to hold him prisoner until the American vessel-of-war sails?"

"Yes."

"Then to drive him, by night, outside the city walls and leave him?"

"*Si, senor*."

"*Bueno!* Now here is your gold—one hundred pesos for yourself, and fifty apiece for your three comrades; is this all right, *senor*?"

"*Si, senor*."

"Then I will bid you good-night. When you see Captain Rafael again tell him how our *senor* has saved his life."

"I will, *senor*. I owe *el capitán* much. He has been good to me, and I would serve him without the gold."

"No, you must risk, and you deserve to be paid for it; but I advise you to disguise the front of your house, if you can, and when you carry the lieutenant out, do so by another door, and do not forget to tell him you know nothing of me."

"I will, *gracias*, *senor*."

With a wave of his hand, Martin left the *pulperia*, muttering to himself:

"Well, I have saved the captain, and saved myself the blood of that traitor on my hands; besides, if we should meet again, he will believe that I had nothing to do with it, and I can trump up a good story of how I was carried off for several days to sea; and the best of it is, the money I paid out is what was given me to defray the expenses of the poor fisherman! Ha! ha! ha! I bid Martin, you are a deep schemer; but you must now become an honest man; so here goes for your quarters until I decide upon what my future course will be. Why I may yet return home with honor, and be sent to represent the people in Congress!" and with a chuckle, Edward Martin, ex-buccaner, walked briskly along the deserted street, at peace with himself and the world in general.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 429.)

ROSEBUD; OR, CUSTER'S RIDE TO DEATH.

BY HARRY BURNS.

Did I ever hear tell of the Rosebud fight, And Custer? Well, stranger, I reckon you're right. Old Parley Ellis—thats this old man— War the only one ever got out of the muss. Er ye'll drop on your racket, I'll tell yer the way Of some things that happened that day; But I reckon my lingo ain't none of the best, So you do the 'ritin', and I'll do the rest.

A beautiful day. 'Twas a morning in June; The sweet whippoorwill sung its plaintive tune. How little 'twas dreamt that the sun smiling then Would go down like a pall, o'er three hundred brave men!

Far out on the plain, with hearts beating true, These three hundred brave troopers, in yellow and blue Went flying around to encircle the foe. While Reno was left to do battle below. Onward they pushed with their yellow-haired chief Fighting their tactics, their counsels were brief, With never one thought for a moment to fall, While marching along through the deep, winding vale.

A moment they halt on the battle-famed crest; The sun is now gliding away to the west; But little they dream that the valley below Is studded, like sands of the sea, with the foe.

Load sounds the bugle-notes, mellow and clear. Forward! trot! gallop! the red-skins are near! Away goes the Seventh to death with a cheer! Sharp sounds the rifle-crack— Brave hearts die in the front ranks, front and rear. Red hands encompass them—sides, front and rear. Bravely they show their might, While they drop left and right, Over the hill and plain, Charging with might and main— Yet it was all in vain— This was their bier!

Custer now led the van, Flitting them hand to hand. "Pandy, away!" he said; "One must escape the lead While we yet stand!"

Tell them, Keogh, Cooke, Yates, Red hands encompass them—sides, front and rear. Bravely they show their might, While they drop left and right, Over the hill and plain, Charging with might and main— Yet it was all in vain— This was their bier!

When came a fiendish cry— Custer was doomed to die! Strong hearts beat fast, How the last handful fell, Fighting as brave men, well, Scarcely needs me to tell— Death took the last!

May the deeds of those heroes be never forgot. Let their crown be a garland of forget-me-nots. Let us sing to their memories sweet anthems of praise.

Who died full of glory, if not full of days, Dare never a whisper e'er darken their fame, Without bringing a blush to the trader's shame. For theirs is a glory that heroes can crave— A glory that lives as it lies in the grave!

Lost Lulu;

OR,

THE PRAIRIE CAVALIER.

A Romance of Love and Life in a Frontier Fort.

BY HON. WILLIAM F. CODY,
(BUFFALO BILL).

CHAPTER XXXIV.

A VILLAIN'S DOOM.

FINDING that it was impossible for him to follow the trail at night, even when the moon arose, Captain Graham led his men into a timber *motte* and went into camp.

But he could not rest; he was most uneasy at the thought that Baron Saville might yet overtake the fugitives and draw from them the truth about their crime.

With the money furnished him by Ida Vincent, he had bribed the two ruffians to kill Lulu, and they had made a mistake; they had killed the very one who had laid the plot to get a rival out of the way.

"It was devilish awkward in them, and bad for Ida; but I am free of her," muttered the captain, and he turned over again upon his blanket, and tried to go to sleep.

"A stranger has come into camp, sir—a queer-looking fellow—says he's a friend of yours, and comes from a train camped in the foot-hills."

"Send him here, orderly. Strange we know nothing at the fort of the arrival of a train," and Captain Graham arose to his feet.

It was well for him that the faint firelight failed to show the deadly pallor that came over his face as the man came up.

But, without waiting to be greeted, the fellow spoke out.

"How d'ye, capt'n! I've durned glad ter see yer ag'in. Yer see, I'm guidin' a train inter these parts, an' seemin' yer fires I rode over from our camp, an' heavin' as you was in command I made bold to ax to see yer."

The orderly had now gone, and pale with rage and dread Burt Graham said quickly:

"Pool! why did you come here?"

"I come to see yerself. Me an' my pard wants a talk with yer afore we makes tracks—we've concluded to change our course, an' we can soon settle it up, so jist come along out o' range o' ther camp an' we'll talk it over."

"Where is your comrade?"

"Waitin' for us at ther foot-hills yonder."

"Did you see anything of a single horseman—the one who pursued you?" eagerly asked the officer.

"Guesses I did; he's passed in."

"What is he dead?" and a joy was in the tone.

"You bet! We go right by whar he's lyn'."

"It will look bad, my leaving camp with you."

"Say you is goin' over ter see friends in ther migrant camp."

"And in the morning the men will know that there is no ex-governor's train here."

"Vaal, arter we settle up matters, blaze away with yer shootin'-iron; we'll holler like hounds, an' you kin come inter camp on ther run an' say I led yer inter a trap."

"I don't believe I will go, fellow."

"Then I'll spout."

"What do you mean, sir?"

"We'll gin ourselves up an' say you paid us ter do it."

"I will go with you; orderly, have my horse saddled; I will ride over to the camp near by to see some friends."

Five minutes more and the two men were riding slowly over the prairie toward the foot-hills.

As they got out of sight-range from the cavalry camp a horseman on the prairie caught sight of them and rode back toward the foot-hills.

Up the hillside the ruffian led the way until they came to the thicket, and here Captain Graham saw a man whom he at once recognized as his hired hirling in the attempt to murder Lulu.

"The Cap has come, pard. Git down, capt'n, an' we'll soon fix matters."

Moody Captain Graham dismounted, and turning found a pistol-muzzle pressing against his temple, while he heard the stern words:

"You are a prisoner, Captain Graham!"

In dismay the officer cried out:

"What means this outrage?"

"It means, Captain Graham, that from these men your villainy is known."

"And who are you, sir?" and the officer looked up into the stern face of the man before him, and which he had never seen before that he remembered.

"I am one, Captain Burt Graham, who knows you as you are—a liar, a gambler, a perjurer and a murderer—one who gained your present rank by the murder of your captain."

"It is a lie!" almost shrieked the wretched man.

"It is the truth. Some days ago I met a man in these hills who attempted to take my life. I was quicker on the draw than he was, and I took his life."

"But he did not die at once; he had time to say how sorry he was for his misdeeds, and told me of yourself—he was once a soldier in your company."

"He told me how you had once befriended him, and though he *saw* you kill your captain, he kept it a secret, as did also the other witness. This other witness he told me was your wife—whom you had secretly married, believing she was his wife, and who had married you for a like reason."

"Now you see I know you, my gallant captain—ay, know how you swore away the life of Radcliffe the Scout, for killing a man who now stands by your side."

The other ordered him with his eyes to the right, and there beheld Baron Saville, his arms folded upon his broad breast, his face cold and stern.

"Now, Captain Graham, your career ends within the next ten minutes," continued the hunter.

"In God's name, what mean you?"

"I mean that Baron Saville and myself are your judge and jury, and we have decided that you must die."

"Die! Great God, I am not fit to die," almost shrieked the wretched man.

"You are not fit to live; your wicked-hearted wife is dead; it is but right that you shall follow her."

"And I must die, you say?" and the hand dropped like lightning on a pistol-butt.

Yet the grasp of iron upon his wrist kept him from drawing the weapon.

"Baron, take these tools, please: they are dangerous playthings for a desperate man," calmly said the hunter.

"Now, Captain Graham, I show you one mercy."

The doomed man glanced up with a look of hope, and the hunter continued:

"You are a soldier—and you have been a gallant one notwithstanding your vile life. In consideration of this, you shall be shot, *not hung*."

The man bowed his head upon his breast, and his whole form quivered with emotion; but, by a mighty effort of self-control, he looked up and said, calmly:

"If I must die, I am ready; who is to be my executioner?"

"These two men—those whom you hired to kill an innocent girl."

The two horsemen started at this; it was a duty they had not expected, and Captain Graham said, quietly:

"It is perhaps best—a just retribution; but tell me—how have I injured you?" and he gazed fixedly into the face of the hunter.

"In a moment, captain, I will let you know who I am. Baron, place those two men yonder by the thicket, please. Captain Graham, you take your stand by this tree."

"Now, men, I wish no bungling; your work must be done well—aim at his heart, and fire with true aim."

The hunter led the way to the tree, and Captain Graham groaned forth:

"Oh God! to die this way."

"It is best, sir; you have a mother and sister. I have heard, who dearly love you. Were you not the best of men, but never again appear upon this frontier, if you value your lives, and those that love you would mourn you not only dead, but dishonored; now it will be thought that you were led into a trap and killed by an enemy, perhaps by Indians. For your mother's and sister's sake, keep your secret, your crime."

"And on the brink of the grave I thank you; now, men, stand ready—my executioners, and a grim smile flitted across the face of the doomed man.

Then he added:

"I could die in battle, I would be content, but this is horrible; still, I will not shrink from my fate; I am ready, sir."

Struck by the real courage of the man, the hunter said, earnestly:

"Would to God, Captain Graham, you had lived to see me, for your heart I envy you, and that no greater misery may come to you in your dying moments, I withhold from you my name—God have mercy upon you!"

As the hunter spoke he stepped quickly backward several paces, and from his lips came the signal of death.

The doomed man faced his executioners with bold front; the two rifles cracked together, and Burt Graham fell dead, without a groan.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE NEXT MORNING.

FOR some moments after the death of Burt Graham no word was spoken by the four men who had been actors in the retributive tragedy.

The hunter was the first who spoke, and he turned to the two captives.

"My, you have obeyed me in all that I have ordered; now I will keep my word and let you go; but not one word of this night's work must you ever breathe."

"Go from here as fast as your horses will carry you; get your blood-money in San Francisco, if you wish, but never again appear upon this frontier, if you value your lives."

"You bet we'll dig out o' this, sir. I'd like to be goin' now."

"Go, then, and do not forget that with the morning the troopers will be hot on your trail. There stand your horses; go."

The two men needed no second bidding, but receiving their arms from the hunter, mounted and dashed away. That spot held a strange dread to them.

"Now, Baron, it is best that you make a circuit, and return to camp another way. In the morning you will of course follow on the trail and come upon the dead body of the captain—I will stay near it until daylight, to keep the wolves away, and then go into the mountains, make a circuit, and meet you on the prairie as if by accident, and of course no sign will show that you have met before. When I meet you, I will propose something to the officer in command that I think he will agree to. Now we understand each other?"

"Perfectly."

After some further conversation the two men clasped hands, and mounting his horse, the baron rode away, leaving the hunter standing by the dead body of the man whom his order had slain.

Making a wide *detour*, the baron rode into camp shortly after midnight, and reported that he had trailed the men to the foot-hills; there he had lost sight of them.

When told by Lieutenant Bolton of the captain's absence, he seemed surprised, and urged that the men should be ready to start at the first peep of day.

The discovery created the greatest excitement, and all felt confident that the man who had entered camp the night before had lured the captain away to his death.

"Graham gambled a great deal, you know, and won large sums of money from men who often threatened his life. Doubtless some of them have slain him," explained Lieutenant Bolton.

"Perhaps; but I would not suggest that idea, on account of his family. Let it be supposed that he was shot by the Indians, or renegades," suggested the baron, quickly.

"You are right, Baron; but what is to be done?"

"Return with the body to the fort. We can make nothing of the trails here."

"I will take your advice. Poor Graham!" and the young officer gave orders to strap the body on the back of a horse.

"Here is his horse, sir; he was feeding yonder in the flat," said a trooper, approaching.

"There is some mystery about this, Baron. The body is not robbed; he is not scalped, and

here is his horse—who can have been the murderer?"

"That is what it will be hard to find out," quietly responded the nobleman, no look on his face showing that he knew the dread secret that the night had concealed.

In a short while the body of the dead officer was strapped to the saddle, and the horses were turned back toward the fort.

After an hour's ride they saw a horseman on the prairie coming toward them. As he drew nearer, at a sweeping gallop, none seemed to know him; who could he be? Such was the question each asked the other, yet none could answer.

With a military salute the horseman drew rein in front of Lieutenant Bolton, and asked politely:

"Do I address the commanding officer of this squadron?"

You do, sir. By the sad loss of our captain I am in command," and the young officer pointed to the body strapped on the horse, which was led by one of the troopers.

"Ah, he is dead! The work of a renegade or Indian, doubtless?"

Who did it we do not know; but can I ask your name? You seem a stranger to these parts."

"Yet I know these prairies well. The fact is, sir, I am an independent scout, and having run a trail, I have been on for some time, to cover, I am now looking for just such a command as you have to make a capture that will do the country much service."

"And that is—"

"The band of renegades known as the Prairie Jayhawkers."

"What! you know their retreat?"

"Yes, sir, and I can lead you to it. To-night they hold a council, and all the gang will be there—some thirty in number—and we can surprise them."

"How know you this?" asked the Lieutenant, with suspicion.

"From having dogged their steps for some time, and because I have felt that I could destroy them at one blow."

"And your motive?"

"To rid the country of the presence of such a band of desperadoes."

The lieutenant was silent a moment. He longed to be the one who would annihilate the Jayhawker band; but the man before him he distrusted.

Yet what had he to fear with two score troopers at his back?

No; he would trust the man, and if he deceived him, or led him into a trap, he should be the first to suffer.

"What guarantee have I that you will not lead me into a trap?"

"My word only. No, you may bind me, and if I deceive you, why, shoot me down."

"I would trust him, Bolton; he seems honest," said the baron.

"Well, sir, I will trust you! I have with me forty troopers, five will go on to the fort with the captain's body, and the rest will accompany me. Sergeant Wells, you will take four men and proceed to Fort Helen and report to Colonel Decatur the circumstances attending Captain Graham's death, and also that I have gone on a scout after Jayhawkers."

"The two men whom we were sent in pursuit of, you can say, we could not overtake, as they had relays of fresh horses, and they escaped us."

"Yes, sir," and Sergeant Wells departed for the fort, while Lieutenant Bolton, the baron and the troopers followed the strange hunter, who struck at once for the mountains.

It was a long, hard ride, but the horses stood it well, and shortly after nightfall the strange guide made known that they were near the retreat of the Jayhawkers.

"I have flanked their position, sir, and we can ride into their camps ere they know of our presence," announced the guide.

In half an hour more a number of camp-fires came in sight, and around them were groups of men standing in supposed security.

"Put a line of men here in a semicircle and let the remainder charge—this is the only position that they can escape from, as a high cliff, overlooking a river, is beyond them."

The suggestion of the guide was at once carried out, and the next moment, with a wild cheer, the troopers charged upon the camp.

The fight was short and sanguinary, and ended by the capture of all the Jayhawkers who were not killed, while the loss to the soldiers was slight.

Rejoiced at his success, the lieutenant encamped upon the field, and the troopers made merry over the spoils found in the Jayhawkers' camp.

At an early

VERSES AND REVERSES.

BY JOE JOY, JR.

Her tender voice how soft and low,
Its music thrills my ear,
Its accents roll across my soul—
I worship as I hear
Her eyes from heaven's own blue were
brought
And brightly beam on me,
And when they smile, how they beguile—
How sweet they are to see!
Her face, so tranquil and so calm—
Her soul's bright dwelling-place—
The tender hues of youth suffuse,
There is no sweeter face.
Her brow of noble womanhood
Gleams as no other can,
So smooth, so pure, so all demure,
I reverence as I scan.
Her foot was only made to tread
In soft paths, flower-strewn,
What tender grace its step betrays,
How light, it comes down,
Her hand, so delicate, soft and fine,
How thrilling to the touch!
If I might some day call it mine!
I love that hand so much.

Same poem, revised, after six months' possession.

Her awful voice, how sharp and loud!
Its rattle fills my ear
Its thunders roll upon my soul—
I tremble as I hear.
Her eyes from heaven's own blue came not,
They gleamed as I saw
Away her smiles have wandered miles—
How terrible to see!
Her face, so bitter and disturbed,
Her temper's dwelling-place,
The reddening hues of scorn suffuse—
There is no nobler face.
Her brow of angered womanhood
Frowns as no other can,
So wrinkled, sour, when it does lower—
I shudder as I scan.
Her foot was only made to tread
On me, unlovely Brown,
What shrewish ways its stamp betrays—
How heavily it comes down!
Her hand, so spiteful, hard and quick,
How fearful its clutch!
I'm very sure that it is mine—
For she gives it to me much.

Tenting in the North Woods:

OR,

The Chase of the Great White Stag.

BY C. D. CLARK,

AUTHOR OF "FLYAWAY APOLO," "THE DIAMOND HUNTERS," ETC., ETC.

VI.

UNINVITED GUESTS.—LARRY PROMOTED.—"WILL YOU TAKE 'EM HOT?"

It would be stating it mildly to say that the guide was angry. He was more than angry; he was half-frantic, and the Indian was scarcely less so, although he was not by any means so demonstrative as the other. Yet you could see by the flash of his dark eyes that he meant business, and that it would go hard with Dave Thompson if he should come in his way.

"Perhaps it is just as well," suggested Arthur. "We came out here to hunt game, not murderers. And besides, don't you see that it is going to make us trouble if we bother with these fellows?"

"I see you don't know this yer gang, Mister Chambers," answered the guide. "Do you think they meant to give us any rest? Why, these are the men who are 'wipin' out the game in the Shadagee; the men that kill a dozen deer in a day for the sake of their skins, an' leave the meat to rot in the sun in the middle of the summer; the skunks that net the lakes arter trout, an' take them out of the lake to cook the trout; the men that trap an' ain't got 'em enough in 'em to set one; and last, the men that meant to rob this yer camp if I hadn't lit onto the cuss by accident."

"Such men deserve punishment, I am well aware."

"Deserve it? Yes, an' they're gwine to get their deserts or thr' ain't no snakes in the Pennsylvania mountains. I'm a plain sort of critter, an' I don't advertise to go out'n my depth, but you bet yer bottom dollar I go my length to get even with Dave Thompson an' his gang; you hear me!"

"Well, Abe, old fellow, I only hope you may succeed; that is all I can say about the matter. As far as I'm concerned, I'll like well to see justice done to that fellow; but, at present, I can't see what you can do about it. Let him run, and we will go about our business."

Abe shrugged his shoulders and made no reply, walking sulkily down the lake to catch some trout for breakfast, for these stirring events had made the time pass rapidly, and morning was just breaking. By the time he had caught a mess of trout the Indian had built up a fire and Larry crawled out lazily to cook the breakfast, looking about him in considerable doubt as to whether the bill-fish, which was drying in the sun, could be considered safe. All the tumult of the night before had failed to rouse him, and he listened quietly to the orders of his master to keep a sharp lookout and fire a gun as a signal if any strangers came near the tent. Then, after breakfast, the party took their guns and pushed out from the shore, the canoe dug-out working very easily.

Larry had promised himself a feast in the way of a fish chowder for the noonday meal. He took one of the lake trout, a beauty, weighing nearly twenty pounds, and dressed it neatly. He had plenty of pork, and added to the dish some venison which he had on hand, and laying the meat upon the top of a stump which had been sawed off smoothly, he chopped it fine with a couple of bowie-knives, putting in seasoning to suit his epicurean taste; and Larry was a good cook. It was nearly eleven o'clock before his chowder was fairly in process of cooking, and, lighting his pipe, Larry sat down to watch it, when a man came strolling up the lake in a careless way, and walked into the opening before the tent. The Irishman took up a gun which was set just inside the tent and cocked it, and the man stopped and looked at him. Without paying any attention to him, Larry raised the gun to his shoulder and fired, and was instantly kicked over on his back, while the man advanced quickly.

"Don't do that ag'in, greeny," he said. "You ain't got no call to fool with guns."

"Sure, you are yees that knows me business so well?" demanded Larry. "I does be thinkin' av I want to shoot off me gun I hev a right."

"Don't do it ag'in!" persisted the man; "you might hit something, you know. Who keeps camp here?"

"Meself."

"Where are the others?"

"I dunno; they went away moighty 'arly in the mornin'."

The new-comer, who was a rough-looking young man in greasy buck-skin, raised his fingers to his lips and whistled, and Larry rose slowly to his feet.

"Now, acushla," he said, "av I moight give yees a bit av advice, wud yees listen til me?"

"Oh, let up, greeny! I don't want to fool with you."

"There's room for yees somewhere else, sur; go away wud yees."

The man uttered a jeering laugh, but scarcely had it left his lips when he received a whack which made myriads of little stars dance before his eyes, and there was Larry prancing about before him, flourishing in the air a huge stick, which he made whistle through the air with the ease and grace which only an Irishman can give to the use of a stick.

"Oh, come up til me, me bucko!" he yelled.

"Ye thafe av the wuruld, I'm waitin' fur yees. Whoop; hooroo!"

Larry was a queer fellow. Nothing of an ordinary nature could trouble him in the least; it was only things which seemed to smack of the supernatural that he feared. As for going back a step before a single man, that was not in his nature, and as the intruder rushed upon him he received another blow which sent him reeling back, with a dark line across his forehead where the stick had alighted.

He uttered a roar like that of an angry bull and dashed in again, holding up his rifle as a guard for his head. But the agile Irish boy seemed to have wings on his feet. He danced here and there, flourishing his stick, and darting in now and then to deal a blow, until, rendered frantic by the injuries which he received, the fellow sprang back and cocked his rifle. Larry paused at once.

"Why, ye spalpeen," he cried, "is that the way yees fight; wud a gun?"

"I'll bore a hole plum through you if you don't drop that club," answered Larry. "I'll f'row down this bit av a stick an' lick yees wud me bare hands av yees put down the gun."

"Drop it, I say; I'm going to shoot if ye don't."

Larry dropped the stick, for he was not above being persuaded. As he did so half a dozen men, with Dave Thompson prominent among them, came into the opening. They were all armed with rifles, and if ever a hard crowd was banded together this was that crowd. Two of them were half-breeds, with their Indian love of slaughter intensified by the vices of the white man. A third was a burly negro, as untamed and wild as when his sides roamed through the jungles of Ashantee land, and the rest were shepherds all. It is no wonder that Larry began to think that he had fallen into bad company and wanted to back out.

"Now, whar's them half-hearted skunks that had me in a hither," growled Dave Thompson. "I want to see 'em."

"Maybe yees moight see 'em too quick, alannah!" retorted Larry, who seemed to improve in the presence of danger.

"This is their white nigger, Joe," announced Thompson, addressing the negro. "What do you think of that?"

"Me tie him up; give him forty on de bare back," said the negro. "Want to know how de white folk like to taste de hickry. Nigger git 'em enough; nebber see white man git de same."

"Don't be in a hurry," commanded Thompson. "All in good time, Joe; the fellow is sassy enough, an' a good lickin' will do him good, I'm thinkin'. Here, you Irisher; dish up some grub fur us."

"D'y'e think me a fool? Wud I give yees what I cooked for the mather? Sorta taste."

"Now, see hyar, my lad," said Thompson, with an angry scowl; "I dunno what you mean by talkin' back. I want you to dish up that grub, an' be sharp about it, or I'll tie you to a tree and lace you with hickry sprouts until the blood runs."

Larry saw how useless it was to contend with them, and he brought out the tin plates which formed part of the "kit" of the party, and dished up the savory compound. The party sat down, having first piled their guns near the doorway of the tent. Larry knew how to make a chowder, and the expressions of delight as the ruffians gorged themselves were without limit.

"See yer, you white nigger!" cried Joe. "I gub it up; youse ain't gwine to get licked; youse got to go wud us an' cook for de party."

"That's so!" answered Thompson. "We've been needin' a chap like him a good while. Gimme some more of that stuff; what d'y'e call it, say?"

"Chowder."

"Fish in it, ain't there?"

"Yes; fish, and pork, and deer mate."

They helped themselves again and again, and Larry urged food upon them, casting anxious looks across the lake from time to time. At last a bright look came into his face, and he turned to Thompson.

"I'll tell yees phat I'll do," he said. "Have yees toime to wait while I make some illephant batter-cakes?"

"How long 'll it take?"

"I dunno; half an hour, mayhap. I've some illephant maple melasses."

"Go ahead! I like you, my boy; you'll do fur us."

Larry did not hurry himself, but in about the time set the griddle was over the fire and the first batch of hot cakes had been passed around. The fellows had never enjoyed such fare, and ate as if they had been starving for a month. Dave Thompson, especially, seemed to enjoy him to the utmost.

"And I'll tell you what tickles me, boys," he said. "To think that I'm a-settin' hyar eatin' Abe Stanchfield's grub, an' makin' his white nigger cook or 'er almost, busts me a-laffin'. Yes, I don't keer ef I take another lot."

"D'yees like them?"

"Like 'em! 'tain't no name fur it. I love 'em, I adore 'em, an' I ain't a-talkin' in my sleep, neither."

"Won't Abe be mad?"

"I reckon. I'm going to wait hyar till he comes, boys, an' when he does we'll make it mighty hot for him. More cakes, you skunk; hurry up."

"Would you like 'em hot?" said a quiet voice at the tent door. "Cause hyar we ar, ready to give 'em to you."

There was a universal yell of surprise and terror, for there, in the tent door, with their rifles leveled on the party, stood the four returned fishermen; and just at their feet lay the rifles of the seven villains.

They were fairly caught in their own snare. Larry uttered a wild whoop of delight as he flung the hot griddle into Dave Thompson's lap.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 432.)

Big Steve.

BY FRANK DAVES.

It was Saturday night, and the saloons and dance-houses of Deadwood were filled to overflowing. Here the big-bearded, red-shirted miners squandered in a few hours the proceeds of many days' toil with pick and spade. Whisky reigned on every table. Everybody was drunk, or rapidly becoming so; and to a novice, the scene was indeed alarming. Several times I instinctively placed my hand on the top of my head to see if my scalp was still there. Occasionally there would be a fight, but there was very little quarreling, for one insulting word was generally the signal for a shot or a stab.

Prominent among the noisy ruffians in the bar-room of the Occidental, was a tall, wild, rough-looking individual, with long hair, huge whiskers, a red shirt and high cow-hide boots. He had not been in the bar-room ten minutes until he had knocked a man down and kicked him into the street, for some fancie insult. Altogether, he made himself so very prominent, that I asked a friend to enlighten me as to the name and occupation of the desperado.

"He is," replied my friend, "a sort of miner, although he does not work much, and they call him Big Steve. That is all the name I know him by. He is a very desperate character, always in trouble with somebody, murderous, revengeful and unprincipled. I have seen him shoot a man and laugh at his dying groans; but he is, without a doubt, a very brave man, fearing nothing, and setting but little value on his own life."

My friend then detailed some of Big Steve's adventures. One time he was driving stage, and was attacked by a band of hostile Indians. There were three passengers on the stage at the time; and they were passing through a very dangerous locality, known as the Devil's Gorge,

where the road ran between perpendicular cliffs, hundreds of feet high, and covered with low, scrubby bushes on every spot where a bush could possibly find soil enough to sustain it.

When they had reached the middle of this frightful place they were suddenly fired on, and two of the passengers instantly killed. The other passenger was a boy about ten years old. He was seated on top of Big Steve. Neither of them were hurt. Steve instantly lashed his horses into a dead run; and then handing the reins to the boy he drew his revolver and prepared for the worst.

On they came with tremendous war-whoops, as fast as their ponies could fly. Steve received a shot in the breast and one in the shoulder; but still he held his fire, for he knew that every shot must tell, for there would be no time to reload.

Suddenly, three of the foremost savages rode abreast, appearing with the intention of shooting the leaders down. Steve raised his three trusty Navies, and in a moment three shots rang out in that lonely gorge, and the three daring red-skins fell to rise no more.

At this moment the boy was shot through the heart and the lines began slipping from the seat. Steve attempted to seize them with his left hand; but a shot disabled that arm, and in a moment the lines were gone. Steve knew that if he did not recover the lines, the thoroughly frightened horses would upset the coach in a very short time. One thought, and he leaped from the seat to the tongue, seized the lines with his remaining hand, placed them in his teeth, climbed back into his seat again, drew the horses into the trail, laid the lines down, and placed his feet on them, picked up his revolver and shot two more of the red-skins who were crowding him too closely.

But, unfortunately, just at this moment both the leaders were killed and the wheels tumbled over them; the coach upset, and Steve was on the ground, with his left arm broken, and but seven shots remaining in his two revolvers.

He was not conquered, however, and without a thought of surrender, he sprang behind one of the hostile leaders, and prepared to sell his life dearly.

The Indians made one wild charge, and lost two of their number, then retired to prosecute the siege in a more cautious manner.

Steve was the state of affairs, and a train of Government wagons, guarded by a company of regulars, came along and relieved him.

Steve once had a wife, or a woman who passed as such, and they lived in a little cabin down on the Niobrara river. Steve said she was the only person he had ever met whom he feared. He said she talked so much that it unnerved him; and that he did not like to shoot her, as she was so handy about cooking and housekeeping.

One evening she was in a worse humor than usual; and Steve, to escape her, wandered into the woods, and true to his wild nature, climbed a tree. He had been in the tree but a short time, when a hungry bear followed him. Steve climbed a little higher, and the bear climbed higher also; Steve climbed into the very top, where the bear could not reach him; and in this manner they passed the night. Just at daylight the bear climbed up as high as he could, and began shaking the limb on which Steve was perched, and that person did he shake it, that Steve could retain his hold no longer, and dropped with every prospect of being dashed to pieces on the ground; but fortunately he caught a limb, from whence he hurriedly descended to the ground, and ran for home.

The bear, unwilling to lose his game, descended and gave chase; but Steve was lucky enough to reach the house in safety.

Steve, with his other peculiarities, was a somewhat nervous fellow, and frequently left his house and wandered about the neighborhood for hours, unless he was found and wakened. This peculiarity led to his death, and that on the night in which I first saw him.

My friend was spinning a long yarn about Steve, and that person in question had just stepped up to the bar and "nominated his poison"—that is, called out the particular drink which he at that moment fancied—when a pale, slender boy about sixteen years of age walked in.

He darted an eagle glance about the room, and then, walking up to the bar, he accosted Steve:

"Steve."

"At your service, my kid," replied that worthy.

"You were walking in your sleep again last night; and I followed you, and made an important discovery."

"Well, what is the point to the joke?"

"Here it is," replied the youth, producing a six-shooter and leveling it at Steve's breast. "I followed you, and you took your spade and unearthed seven dead bodies, and again covered them up. I stood by you, and my father and brother were acting as lookers-on. Now tell me why you murdered them, and then say your little speech, if you have one, for this night is your last."

"Don't crow so loud, my young chicken," roared Steve, endeavoring to draw his revolver. The youth uttered one single word of warning; and as it was unheeded, he fired, and Big Steve reeled against the bar. Another shot, and he fell heavily to the floor, and expired without a word, merely gasping for breath as his limbs as his breath passed away.

The boy, whose name was Dennis Tyler, then related his story in detail; and a torchlight procession was formed, and the seven corpses were found at the spot indicated by the boy.

All the bodies were recovered, and were known to have had considerable amounts of dust at the time of their disappearance. Big Steve murdered for gold.

Of course nothing was done with the boy, for we all felt that Big Steve deserved death. He did not even have one of those mock trials, with which those flourishing Western towns sometimes amuse themselves.

It was afterward discovered that Steve was an escaped convict, from Sing-Sing.

Dennis Tyler is in Deadwood yet; and although not yet arrived at the age of citizenship he has "struck it rich," and assumed the dignities of saloon-keeper.

He is still pointed out as the man who killed Big Steve, and is known as Mr. Tyler; and if he is successful, he will soon be one of the titled dignitaries of the town.

UNCLE MOSES' LESSON.—The Memphis Avalanche says: Uncle Moses, the chief executive of a suburban colored Sunday-school, on Sunday, raising his black face with its snowy fringe, he peered over his ante-bellum "stock" and collar at the little nigs, who were buzzing like bees in a hive just under his nose.

"Dat! chillen, ordah! de market yer heah me, chillen! Little Jim Lumpkins, dere, hesh dat talkin' like a consterble on 'lection day."

When Jimmie ceased his conversation, the chief executive replied:

"I call de detenshion de school ter de way youse been carryin' on on this bressed day. Wot yer been a-doin'! Yer know! An' de way yer tongues is a bin carruscatin' is scan'lous."

The black fingers pushed the tall collar back and forth, and he said forward:

"Now, I puts it to yer, do you all lissen an' you, too, Lizzie Millens, I ax yer dis question—how menny eyes yer chillens got?"

Chorus—"Two."

"How many munny eyes yer got?"

Unanimously—"One."

"What does dat mean? It means yer mus' see twice as much as yer tells. Now, how many yeres yer got?"

Chorus—"Two."

"An' how munny munnies?"

"One."

"Dat means yer mus' hear twice as much as yer tells. Now, member dis lesson, an' you, Henry Giles, contribute de papers 'roun' fore we jines in prayer."

Sports and Pastimes.

BASE-BALL.

BY HENRY CHADWICK.

THE COLLEGE CHAMPIONSHIP.

THE contest for supremacy in the College club arena ended June 26th in the noteworthy success of the Harvard University nine, after a struggle unequalled in the annals of the college championship matches, as will be seen by the appended record. The championship season in the College club arena begins in April and ends in July. Up to May 15 Harvard had played fourteen games with professional and amateur opponents, of which they had won eleven, being beaten only by professionals, viz.: once by New Bedford and once by Lowell, they having one tie game with the Manchester. In these games they had made 144 base-hits to 66, 118 runs to 31, and were charged with but 68 errors to 162. Of runs earned the figures stood 24 to 12 in their favor. In 1877 the figures for their first fourteen games stood as follows: Base-hits, 128 to 72; runs, 100 to 66. Thus the record of 1878 excelled that of 77. This improvement was the result of the judicious captaincy of Mr. Fred Thayer, and the final triumph of the nine after losing the two first games of the series through the disableness of their famous catcher, Tyng, re-earned great credit on Mr. Thayer's management of the team.

The first game of the series was played on the Hamilton Park grounds, New Haven, on May 15th, in the presence of over five thousand people, and to the great surprise and delight of the Yale assemblage, the "blues" of "old Yale" won by the appended score:

YALE.	R.	B.	P.	O.	A.	E.	HARVARD.	R.	B.	P.	O.	A.	E.
Hutchinson, s.	1	2	1	1	0	1	Thayer, 3d b.	0	1	0	1	0	1
Parker, 3d b.	1	1	2	1	0	0	Ernst, p.	0	0	0	1	0	0
Smith, c.	0	0	1	2	0	0	Latham, 2d b.	0	0	0	1	0	0
Ripley, r. f.	0	0	1	0	0	0	Downer, 1st b.	0	0	1	1	0	0
Walden, 2d b.	0	0	0	3	0	0	Wright, 1st b.	2	1	0	0	0	0
Clarke, c. f.	1	2	1	0	0	0	Howe, c. f.	1	1	0	1	0	0
Brown, 1st b.	1	0	2	0	0	0	Humes, s. s.	0	1	1	0	0	0
Carter, p.	0	0	2	0	0	0	Alger, l. f.	0	0	0	2	1	0
Totals.	4	8	27	11	0	0	Totals.	3	6	27	6	0	0
Yale.	1	0	0	0	1	0	1	0	1	0	1	0	1
Harvard.	0	2	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Runs earned—Yale, 2; Harvard, 1. Umpire, Mr. Sumner, of Boston.													

Runs earned—Yale, 2; Harvard, 1. Umpire, Mr. Sumner, of Boston.

In this contest Harvard led by 3 to 1 at the close of the fifth inning, but in the next two innings Yale rallied to the tune of two singles, at the close of the sixth inning, saw the score tied, and the game in about as interesting a position to the spectators present as it could well be. Now it was that the Harvard sat on the anxious-seat, and for once lost that steadiness and nerve so necessary in such emergencies. By two good hits made by Clark and Carter a run was scored after two men were out, and Harvard went into their ninth inning to get one run to tie and two to win. Against any other college team, and under any other circumstances, this would have been a comparatively easy task; but this time the Harvard went to the bat altogether too anxious to make hits, and, lacking that feeling of confidence in batting, became easy victims of Carter's strategy. Hutchinson striking out, while the next two outs were the result of a fine double-play by Walden and Downer, and then it was that the "rah, rah, rah" of the victorious collegians was heard, blue ribbons were shaken in the air, and the New Haven fair ones present were smiling countenances as they were driven into town from the grounds.

Prior to the second match of the series the Harvard won a costly victory from the Manchester professionals, Tyng breaking his thumb in the last inning of that game. The loss of Tyng's services was a damaging blow to the Harvard as the result of the next game proved, Yale winning at Cambridge on May 25th by the following score:

YALE.	R.	B.	P.	O.	A.	E.	HARVARD.	R.	B.	P.	O.	A.	E.
Hu'hins, s.	1	1	4	2	0	0	Thayer, 3d b.	1	0	4	0	0	0
Parker, 3d b.	1	0	3	1	0	0	Ernst, p.	0	0	0	0	0	0
Smith, c.	2	3	7	1	0	0	Walden, 2d b.	1	0	1	0	0	0
Ripley, r. f.	2	3	0	0	0	0	Downer, 1st b.	0	0	0	0	0	0
Walden, 2d b.	2	3	1	0	0	0	Wright, 1st b.	0	0	0	0	0	0
Clarke, c. f.	2	1	0	0	0	0	Howe, c. f.	1	1	0	0	0	0
Brown, 1st b.	1	2	1	0	0	0	Nunn, s. s.	0	1	0	0	0	0
Carter, p.	1	0	2	0	0	0	Alger, c. f.	0	0	0	1	0	0
Totals.	11	15	27	7	0	0	Totals.	5	5	27	13	0	0

Yale..... 1 2 1 0 1 1 0 3-1
Harvard..... 1 3 0 0 1 0 0 0-1

Earned runs—Yale, 6. First base on errors—
Yale, 2; Harvard, 3. Balls called on Carter, 15
on Ernst, 17. Strikes called-off Carter, 23;
Ernst, 14.